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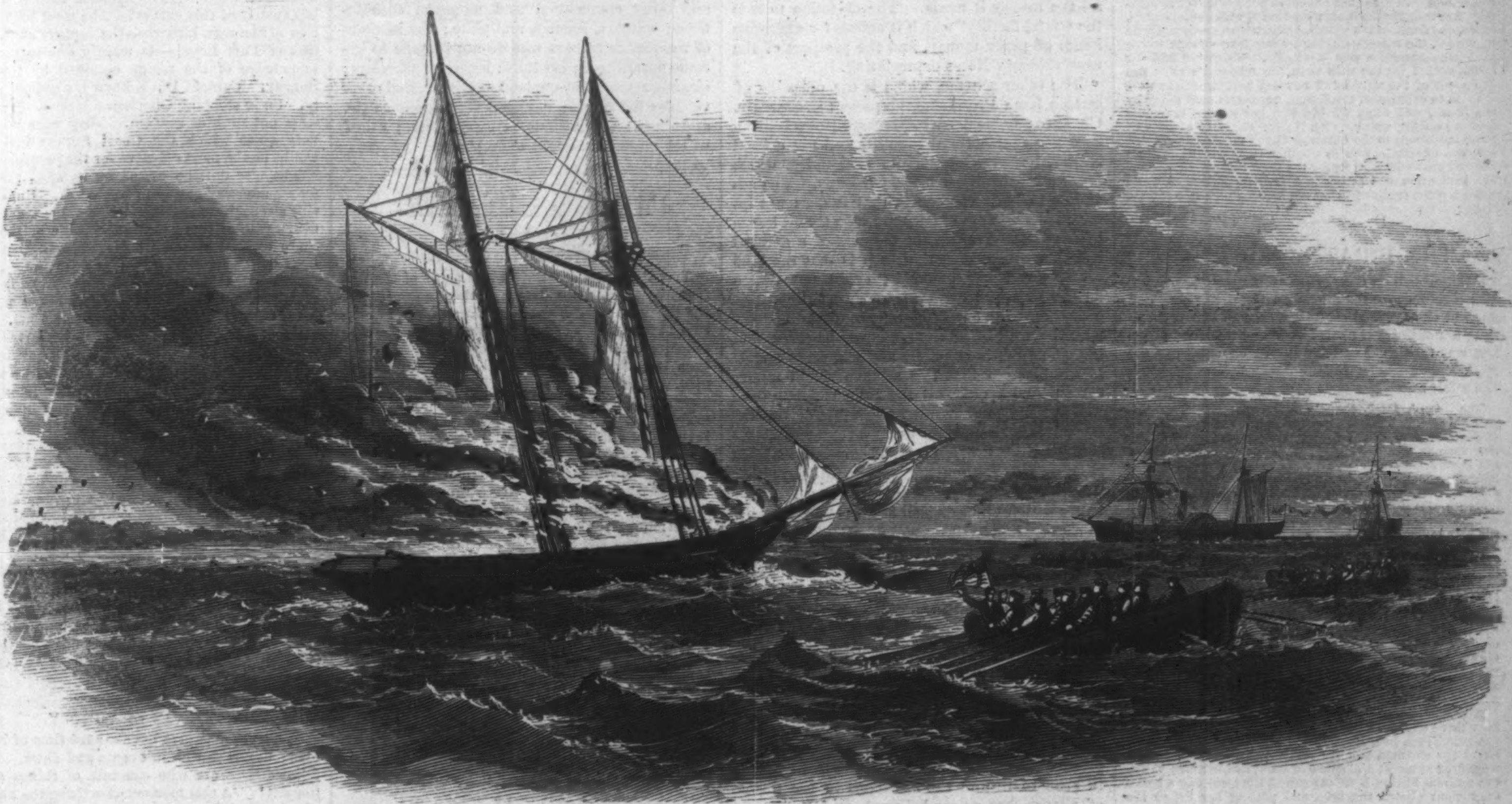
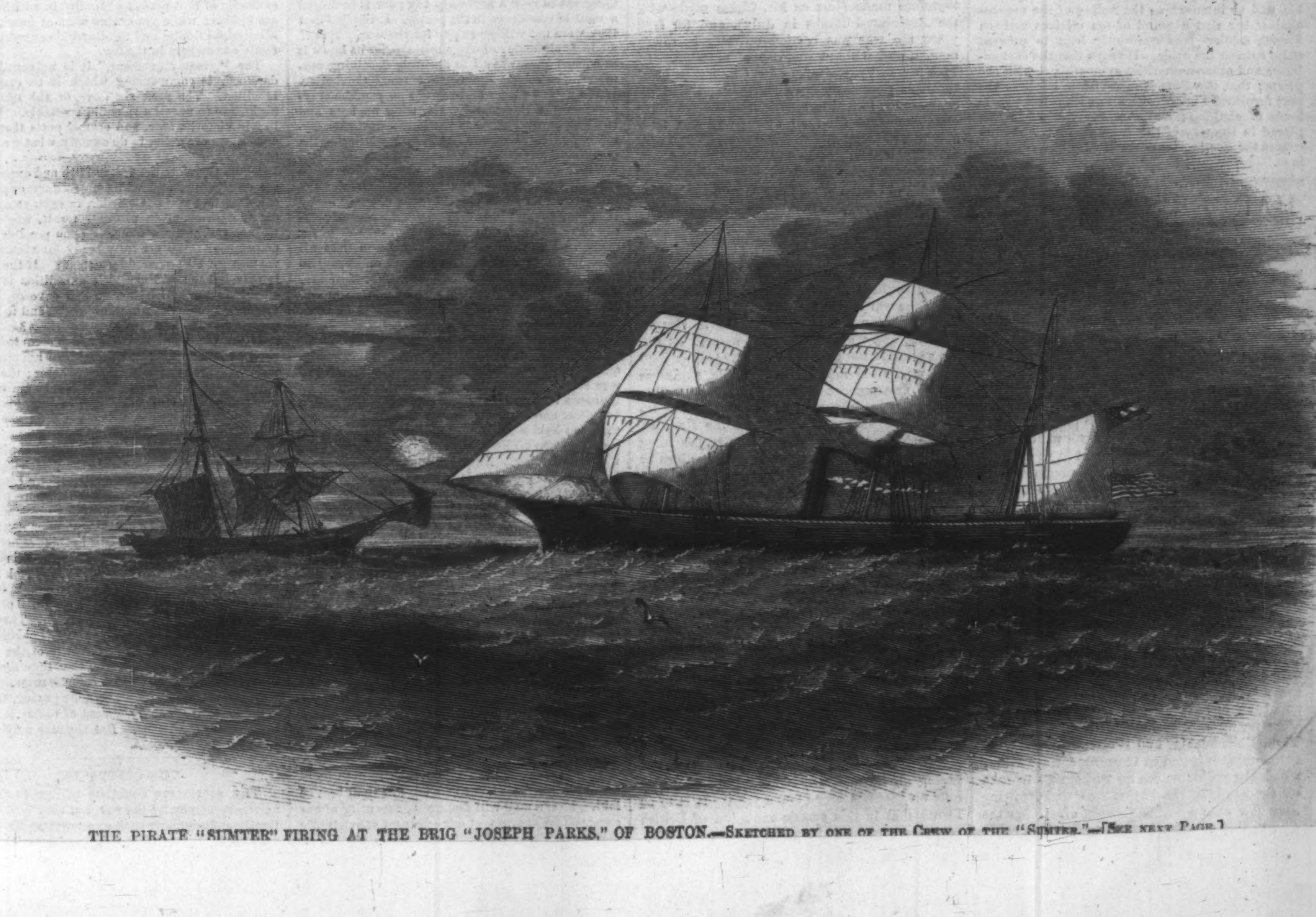


DESTRUCTION OF A SCHOONER OFF CUMBERLAND INLET, GEORGIA, BY THE BOATS OF THE "ALABAMA."—Sketched by an Officer of the "Alabama."—[See next Page.]



THE PIRATE "SUMTER" FIRING AT THE BRIG "JOSEPH PARKS," OF BOSTON.—Sketched by one of the Crew of the "Sumter."—[See next Page.]

DESTRUCTION OF A SCHOONER OFF THE COAST OF GEORGIA.

WE publish on the preceding page a picture of the DESTRUCTION OF A SCHOONER which was trying to run the blockade off Cumberland Inlet, Georgia. A letter from the United States steamer *Alabama* to the *Herald* thus describes the affair:

> Early on 15th December a small sail was descried to the southward, standing in toward Cumberland Inlet, and evidently trying to run the blockade. Signalizing the fact to our consort, both vessels got under way and started in pursuit, the *Bienville* taking the lead, until about nine o'clock, when the chase, finding that they could not make their escape, ran the craft ashore between Cumberland Inlet and Fernandina, leaving all sail set, and commenced removing her cargo to the beach. The *Alabama* then felt her way cautiously in as far as practicable, the *Bienville* remaining in the offing to look out for more customers of the same sort. Two of our boats were then lowered, manned, and armed, under the command of Acting-Masters Dennis and West, and one likewise from the *Bienville*, and, after an hour's hard pulling, they boarded the prize, her late occupants having taken to the woods upon the approach of "Lincoln's hirelings." She proved to be a fine fore and aft schooner, evidently Spanish, without name, colors, or papers, and loaded with a very valuable cargo of coffee, Havana cigars, shoes, and other miscellaneous stores. Observing a steamer coming down Cumberland Inlet, with the evident intention of cutting our boats off, Captain Lanier dispatched another boat with orders to fire the schooner in case that she could not get off immediately. Accordingly the boats were loaded with coffee, cigars, shoes, and fruit, and the doomed schooner was soon wrapped in flames, the officers staying by her long enough to see that her destruction was inevitable. No sooner had our boats started for the ship than the schooner's crew ran down out of the woods and boarded her; but they were too late to extinguish the flames, her masts soon going by the board, and when we last saw her naught remained save a smoking wreck. Considering the close vicinity of these operations to the batteries at the mouth of the inlet, and the uncertainty as to whether it might not prove a clever ruse to draw us under the fire of masked batteries, the expedition was certainly a very hazardous one, and reflects great credit upon the officers and men who carried it out.

THE PIRATE "SUMTER."

WE publish on the preceding page an engraving which represents the pirate *Sumter* firing shot and shell at the Boston brigantine *Joseph Park*, after rifling her of the best part of her contents. The drawing was furnished us by Captain Amsbury, of the *E. J. Talbot*. The Boston *Journal* thus describes the affair:

> The *Joseph Park*, Captain Knights, sailed from this port July 30, in ballast, for Pernambuco, and at 6.30 A.M., of September 25, saw a steamer steering north. Finding the steamer was bearing down on them, the Captain of the *Park* ordered the second mate to go below and get the American flag, which he did, and this was run up. The steamer still made for the brig, and when within hailing distance also ran up the American flag at the gaff. An order was then given from the steamer to the Captain of the brig to haul in his studding-sails and heave to, which was at once done. A boat was then lowered from the steamer, which had come under the stern of the brig, and a lieutenant, with six men, came on board the brig and asked the Captain for his papers, at the same time telling him that he and his crew were prisoners of war to the Confederate steamer *Sumter*. Captain Knights at once produced his papers and went on board the *Sumter*, as did all the crew, each being told to take his clothes, etc., with him. On the crew getting on board the *Sumter* they were taken to the quarter-deck and their chests examined, when they were sent below, each having his sheath-knife and matches taken from him.
>
> A prize crew was put on board the brig, and she was kept three days as a tender to the *Sumter*, when her water, provisions, instruments, and new sails were taken on board the steamer, and six shells and three round shots were fired at her at a distance of about five hundred yards, but without hitting her. At sunset the same day a boat's crew went aboard the brig, and putting her before the wind, they set her on fire.

Captain Amsbury tells us that while the *Sumter* was at St. Pierre she was moored to a tree by a cable, and so intense was the feeling of the negroes against her that a guard of ten marines and ten French soldiers was constantly kept to prevent them cutting the cable. He says that the custom-house and other authorities sympathized with the pirate; that the French man-of-war lying in the port furnished Captain Semmes with several boat-loads of clothing; and that every obstacle was placed in the way of the *Iroquois*. At latest accounts the *Sumter* was again at St. Pierre, Martinique.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

CURRENCY AND TAXATION.

BOTH Houses of Congress now stand pledged, by a nearly unanimous vote, to tax the people, directly and indirectly, to the amount of $150,000,000 annually. Nothing has yet been determined with regard to the nature of the new taxes to be imposed, or with regard to the methods by which Mr. Chase proposes to refill his exhausted Treasury. Both topics, however, are being actively ventilated in the papers and in Congress, and it is fair to presume that, when action is taken on them, it will be taken understandingly.

There are certain points which are admitted on all sides. It is confessed that the Treasury is empty, and the floating debt about $80,000,000. No one doubts but the war is costing us $500,000,000 a year. It is also well known, at least in financial circles, that the Government can not borrow any money at present, either at home or abroad. Large sums, such as are required for the prosecution of great wars, can only be borrowed through the interposition of heavy banks and banking-houses, and our banks and bankers have already done their utmost. Very nearly the entire bank capital of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston is at the present moment invested in Government securities, which the people evince no willingness to take off the hands of the banks. As to borrowing abroad, that is not to be thought of. After the *Trent* affair our people would not suffer any Finance Minister from this country to go begging to London; and even if the attempt were made, there are abundant indications that foreign Governments would, from a desire to see this country divided, prevent the negotiation of any United States loan. It being clear, therefore, that we are spending $500,000,000 a year; that the Treasury is empty; and that no more money can be borrowed; the question is—by what other process can the Government obtain money for the prosecution of the war?

Thus far two practical schemes, and only two, have been laid before the public. A vast number of visionary methods have been proposed by "currency doctors;" but none but the two to which we allude deserve attention.

The first has been laid before the House by Mr. Spalding, of the Committee of Ways and Means. It proposes to allow Mr. Chase to pay his debts in Treasury Notes which shall bear no interest, shall be a legal tender, and shall be convertible into United States Sixes. The advantage of this scheme is that it at once relieves the Treasury, and supplies the Government with all the money it needs. The objection to it is the "fatal facility" which it affords for excessive issues of paper money, and the prospect of the new Treasury Notes depreciating.

The other scheme, which is the offspring of certain bank Presidents, proposes to allow Mr. Chase to pay his debts in Treasury Notes bearing 3.65 per cent. annual interest, and not a legal tender, but convertible into 7.30 notes, which latter are convertible into 6 per cents. The advantage of this scheme is that it does not increase the volume of currency afloat, and hence in some degree avoids the dangers of a general inflation. The objection to it is that the 3.65 notes, not being bankable, could not find a market or a resting-place, and would infallibly depreciate to an enormous extent, dragging down with them all other Government securities, and the whole fabric of public and corporate credit. It would seem that this scheme would render certain and speedy all the evils which, under Mr. Spalding's plan, might possibly occur, under adverse circumstances, at a remote period.

Both these projects rest, of course, on a basis of taxation. Without adequate taxation, neither Treasury Notes bearing interest, nor Treasury Notes without interest will help the Government. With taxation to the extent of $150,000,000 annually, a large amount of Government paper can be floated, as it would be receivable for taxes; and it would be received every where without scruple, if it was apparent that the public revenue from direct taxation was adequate to defray all interest charges upon the bonds into which it was convertible, and to extinguish the principal at a given period by means of a sinking fund.

It is instructive, in this connection, to refer to the experience of other nations engaged in great wars. When Great Britain went to war in 1793 to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France, her rulers believed, as Mr. Lincoln did last spring, that the contest would be brief. Mere temporary arrangements for loans were therefore made (just as Mr. Chase made with the Associated Banks in July), and for four years the war was carried on with borrowed money, and without increase of taxation. In 1797 Mr. Pitt perceived, as Mr. Chase does now, that this resource was exhausted, and that recourse must be had to taxation. The war taxes were increased from an average of less than $90,000,000 annually to $150,000,000 in 1798, $226,000,000 in 1804, $307,000,000 in 1808, and $352,000,000 in 1815. Simultaneously with this, in 1797, the Bank was directed to suspend specie payments, and paper was made, and remained for twenty-three years, a legal tender and the currency of the kingdom. Under this system Great Britain was enabled to expend in this long war a sum of $5,556,000,000 without exhausting her strength. She came out of the war richer than she went into it, with her population increased from ten to sixteen millions, and with her position secured as the most wealthy nation in the world.

If we should follow this example, Congress should first proceed to select the best possible kind and form of paper (there being no institution in this country analogous to the Bank of England), and make it a legal tender, providing for it a market and an ultimate resting-place by making it receivable for all public dues, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of Government, and convertible into Government bonds at a fixed rate. It should next proceed to impose war taxes enough to meet a very large proportion of the annual expenditure—say one-third, at least. The people of Great Britain, who number 26,000,000, pay annual taxes, direct and indirect, amounting to between $300,000,000 and $350,000,000. The people of France, numbering 40,000,000, pay taxes, direct and indirect, to the amount of $275,000,000 to $300,000,000. The people of the loyal States, numbering over 21,000,000, can surely afford to pay $200,000,000 for taxes during the first year of the war, and to increase the amount hereafter, should the war continue.

In July last Congress adopted a measure imposing an income tax, which was to be levied only on incomes over $800 a year. It is to be feared that in this servile imitation of British precedent due regard was not had to the difference between this country and England. In Great Britain a very large segment of the people enjoy fixed incomes from lands or money invested in public securities; this class is reached better by an income tax than in any other way. In this country, on the contrary, there are no fixed incomes, and every man can be reached by specific taxes upon property and commerce. The limitation fixed by Congress at $800 would, moreover, have the effect of exempting from the operation of the tax the great bulk of the rural population, and would throw the whole of it upon residents in cities.

A revenue of $150,000,000 can be obtained without any income tax. If the tariff be so adjusted as to yield $50,000,000, the remaining $100,000,000 can be raised by—1. A stamp tax, which ought to be made to yield at least $50,000,000; 2. Excise duties on liquors, beer, ale, wines, and tobacco, say $20,000,000; and, 3. A property tax, $30,000,000. Other legitimate objects of taxation, which should be made to yield revenue, are private carriages; stock held in banks, railroads, insurance companies, and other commercial and moneyed corporations; watches, jewelry, and plate; the incomes of resident foreigners who do not propose to become naturalized; lawsuits; legacies; travelers; steamboats, omnibuses, hack carriages, and other vehicles for travel; newspapers; horses, cattle, and sheep; auction sales, etc., etc., etc.; all of which might and ought to be taxed.

THE LOUNGER.

A NATIONAL PRESIDENT.

THE President certainly gives proof of the fact that he regards the question of the suppression of the rebellion to be a purely national question, entirely independent of party. The policy of his Administration, falling upon so critical a time, has been to gather to the national standard all loyal men, whether they were Republicans or Democrats. The peril of the nation annihilates party, and whoever forgets that fact, the President does not. He is the most purely national and loyal Chief Magistrate we have had for many a year. Removals from office have been made from patriotic and not upon partisan grounds. High military appointments have been given to men of the strongest political enmity to the Administration. Mr. Jeremiah S. Black, the last Secretary of State under James Buchanan, has been named Reporter to the Supreme Court. General Dix, the last Secretary of War in the same Cabinet, is now Major-General, and in command at Baltimore. Edwin M. Stanton, Mr. Buchanan's last Attorney-General, is now Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War.

It would be difficult for any man to give stronger proof of the sincerity of his conviction that the country is to be saved by all loyal citizens than the President gives by this action. And it is quite enough to silence the Democratic party snarls at the war in New Hampshire and Indiana.

THE TAX.

THE most alarming sign since the outbreak of the rebellion was the apparent unwillingness of Congress to levy a necessary tax; for it indicated a want of confidence in the people. It implied that they were not willing to pay for the war. But if we have all made so huge a mistake, let us know it at once. If we are all so absurdly deceiving ourselves, the sooner the truth appears the better. If the nation wishes and expects to pay the enormous cost of this war by throwing up hats and bawling hoarse huzzas to patriotic sentiments, certainly no time should be lost in surrendering to the rebellion.

The question of the tax is simply, Are we in earnest? Are we willing to know that the expense is vast, and to pay it honestly, every cent? It is easy enough to print a myriad reams of prettily engraved notes, and to agree to take them for money. But they are not money; and, like all other lies, they will come to naught, and bring us to confusion. Are we in earnest? For if we are, we shall gladly economize, and economize again. If we are, we shall be willing enough to be poor, but never to be dishonored.

Besides, the tax has been expected. For nine months we have known that pay-day must presently come; that a nation whose entire machinery was set to peace could not go to war without an immense outlay. We have had to build a navy; to collect and equip an army; to feed, and move, and arm half a million of men, until now we are spending two millions of dollars a day to keep the machine moving. And that money must be paid by the whole nation. It is about ten cents a day for every man, woman, and child in the loyal States. Does any one doubt that they are willing to pay it—that they expect to pay it?

Nations have been called upon to do it before ours. William Pitt, the pluckiest of British premiers, when England was wrestling for life and death with France, proceeded upon the principle that the British people wanted to live, and were willing to pay for life. He knew that there would be complaints and outcries, but he knew that John Bull had sense enough to see that he must pay the exact value of what he enjoyed. His motto, therefore, was, "New loans, new taxes." When he was obliged to borrow money, he set apart certain revenues to pay the interest and take care of the principal. John Bull growled; paid the tax; thanked him; and has ever since followed so good an example.

The only question to consider, then, is, not whether we shall be taxed, but how the tax shall best be laid. Every man will feel greater security of our success if he knows that our expenses are virtually cash payments. And a still greater confidence will possess the public mind when every body is seen willingly submitting to the necessary tax. Every moment of delay is a battle lost. Every sign of hesitation is a bid for foreign interference. The Committee should have at once advised the necessary tax, or an unconditional surrender.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

THAT the war should be ended as suddenly and with as much economy as possible we are all agreed. But the country should keep a sharp eye upon Congress that measures of the most expensive economy are not adopted. If, for instance, there were a high pecuniary premium upon inventions of effective fire-arms and projectiles, this would hardly seem to be the special moment for repealing it. Indeed, the last points which the hand of economy should touch are those which increase our knowledge of the rebels' weaknesses, or furnish us means to strike them effectively.

It is for this reason that the proposition to omit the appropriation for the Coast Survey should be so jealously regarded. It is a plan of penny-wise-and-pound-foolish economy. No money appropriated for many years past is proved by events to have been more wisely expended than that which has sustained this survey. The most brilliant action of the war, hitherto—the capture and occupation of Port Royal—is mainly due to the exact knowledge of the region obtained by the Coast Survey. Captain Davis knew his ground perfectly. So in stopping Charleston harbor. The ships were not sunk at random. They were left in the very spots which the Coast Survey had shown would be the most effective for the purpose.

The war will be waged by us upon the coast, for we are very strong upon the sea. But our marine strength, under the circumstances, gets its efficiency from our exact knowledge of the whole shore against which we operate, and that comes from the Coast Survey. Our navy, however ample in ships and armaments, however heroic in men, can only deal left-handed blows unless it knows precisely the character of the coast. Is this a time to suspend the survey which gives it that knowledge?

Besides, we all naturally wish that we may, as far as possible, avoid the usual brutalizing effects of war. It is its tendency to crush all purely scientific and intellectual progress and life. In our great desire to throttle rebellion we may forget that it is therefore doubly necessary that all humanizing and civilizing processes should be continued. It is our constantly widening and deepening intelligence which confirms our political advance. Without knowledge Democracy is a delusion. Even Great Britain, in her long French wars, fighting for existence, as she now confesses, did not discontinue this kind of work. Why should we? The Coast Survey is invaluable for the immediate purpose of the war. It is a monument of our consciousness of the value of science to a nation. Its expense is small. Is its suspension a cheap economy?

THE VAN OF VICTORY.

WE weekly papers have a hard time of it, when every day is so rich in events and news. Happy fellows they are who can talk of things as they happen! At this moment of writing the air is full of expectation. Something is imminent. The great January fog which seems to cloud the land from the Mississippi to the Chesapeake, is only symbolic of that perfect obscurity in which events are hidden; while yet events seem at hand, as the Mississippi flotilla and the Burnside expedition are ready somewhere in the fog.

The "great movement," it is universally understood, is commencing which is to crush the rebellion. The next six days, or the next fortnight, are to unroll a splendid spectacle. We are to win victories here, and occupy posts there. In a word, we are going to do exactly what we design to do.

While therefore the public faith and expectation are so resolute, and while no solitary expression can dampen any body's ardor, or even seem to indicate distrust of an ultimate result, why should we not reflect for a moment upon possible disappointment? We are fully ready for victory; are we pretty well prepared for defeat? If the flotilla is driven back, if Burnside's expedition is as ineffective as it will be heroic and devoted, are we all ready to carry our faith as firmly, and to look as squarely at the inevitable consequences?

If any of the great battles which seem to be near shall be lost by us, three things will happen: The white-feather party will begin to cackle; the rebels will insist upon some forward movement of their own; and John Bull will begin to clear his throat preparatory to saying, "You can't do the work, and I recognize 'em."

The point that we ought always to bear in mind is that war is uncertain; that the most ample and adequate preparations often fail; that a cause may be eminently just, but does not therefore necessarily win the battle; and that if any disaster befalls us now, we are to be only the readier next time. Rebellions of such proportions as this are not easily snuffed out. In case of success upon every hand in our present operations we are not to look for immediate peace. Broken the rebels may be, and dismayed, and disheartened, but they will not yield to one campaign however successful. They fight from an old hate; from a life-long sophistication. They fight, too, with the sympathy of the world. Let us not suppose, therefore, that they are going to surrender at once. There is much more fighting, much more endurance, much more paying, than we have yet had. The movement of to-day is doubtless the van of victory. But the rear may not be yet in sight.

THE CONTRACTS.

THE people are doubtless willing to pay the necessary money for the war, but they will not patiently endure many such exposures as Mr. Dawes made in his speech. They are specimen plums from the forthcoming pudding of the report. Won't it be a dainty dish to set before the people?

The first contract, it seems, was one to supply cattle for the troops at Washington in April. It was given to an old hack Washington politician. He sublet it in twenty-four hours, and made $32,000 without leaving his chair; and the men who actually furnished the cattle made $26,000 more; so that upon the first 2200 head of cattle contracted for a profit of $58,000 over the market-price was realized.

A regiment of cavalry, 1000 strong, reached Louisville, and a board of officers condemned 485, nearly half, of their horses. They were blind, spavined, ringboned; they had the heaves, the glanders: they had every thing but strength and health and fitness. There was not one of them worth $20. They had cost the Government, before they were mustered into the service, $58,200, besides thousands of dollars for transportation.

There are contracts for the manufacture of Springfield muskets, the first one of which can not be delivered for six months. There is a contract for the supply of 1,092,000 muskets at $28 a-piece, when the very same muskets are now made in Springfield for $13 50 a-piece.

When the last Congress appropriated $20,000,000 for such purposes, $37,000,000 had been already pledged to contractors for provision for some future emergency. $2,000,000 were intrusted to an honest but incompetent gentleman to spend in the wisest way he could. He immediately began to purchase linen pantaloons, straw-hats, London porter, and dried herrings, until he had expended $390,000, "and then he got scared and quit."

There is a contract for the supply of wood to the army at $7 a cord. After the army itself has cut down the wood to clear the ground for their batteries, the contractor employs the army wagons to draw the wood to the camps. "He has no farther trouble than to draw his seven dollars for a cord, leaving the Government to draw the wood."

These are given to us as illustrations of the manner in which the money of the people has been spent. It is perhaps no worse a disclosure than the history of any nation suddenly plunged into war would show. But it is certainly a lamentable revelation. There is a frightful responsibility somewhere; and the retirement of Mr. Cameron from the head of the War Department simultaneously with this exposure, may be interpreted as the result of his conviction that, rightly or wrongly, public opinion would hold him accountable. There was a very strong opposition to his original appointment, upon the ground that unpleasant stories affecting his reputation, whether true or false, had long been believed. But his apparent energy, skill, and perspicacity in the management of his important office, had at least mollified the public expression of distrust.

That distrust is again suddenly awakened. If the statements of the Committee's report shall be unquestionably correct, and the late Secretary of War is unable to explain them satisfactorily, it had been better for his fame that he had marched by his brother's side to Bull Run, and had shared his fate.

PAY AS YOU GO.

THERE is to be no more franking home of shirts to be washed. There is to be no more express provision of Congress by which the Postal Department is made the unprofitable department of the Government. If we value the speeches of our senators and representatives, we must now pay a penny for the privilege of reading them. If we want the wisdom of the Patent-office report, we must pay for it. Members can no longer talk to Buncomb gratis. Buncomb must pay the piper if it wishes to dance.

The abolition of the Franking system is the explosion of an absurd practice, and, consequently, an evidence of the common sense of this Congress. It was at best but robbing Peter to pay Paul. The deficit in the revenue caused by the Post-office had to be made up in some other way. Under the old system of high postages something might be said in favor of allowing documents to pass free from representative to constituent. But it is utterly different now. No letter ought to be written which is not worth three cents to the writer or the recipient. No book can be of much value to any constituent for which he is not willing to pay the necessary postage.

Besides, the reform prevents electioneering at the expense of the Government. And it shows that the present majority in Congress is honestly in favor of lightening the public burdens. The Senate is said to be unwilling to agree to the bill; but we will still believe the Senate is not less wise than the House.

THE ASTOR LIBRARIAN.

DR. COGSWELL is, in the public estimation, such an essential part of the Astor Library that, without offense to his accomplished successor, his resignation seems to be a misfortune to the Institution. And yet, with the completion of the catalogue, his great work in the Library may be considered finished. The Institution grew out of his suggestion. He collected the books. He arranged them in the noble building erected for them. He has prepared the catalogue of them, 120,000 in number. The ship is built, launched, rigged: the armament is on board: the future is secure, and the head and hand that have directed all may well retire from active service, conscious that the voyage, whoever may be in command, will be but a monument of the skill and devotion of the builder.

The catalogue fills four volumes, and more than two thousand pages. The trustees in receiving it spoke of it as it deserved, and as he deserved who made it. They also requested him to use at his pleasure the rooms he has occupied in the building; and he retains his seat in the Board of Direction. At his suggestion, Mr. Francis Schrœder has been appointed his successor as Librarian-in-chief.

The great and unobtrusive labors of a ripe scholar are thus ended. *Exegit monumentum.* The Astor Library is not less the monument of its first Librarian than of its founder.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ENCOURAGING.—"How do you feel this morning, James?" "Very much better, I thank you. I did think when I came out that I was not so well; but I know I am better now, for I just met the undertaker, and he looked black at me!"

When the old lady had fallen into the well, and was rescued from drowning with some difficulty, she declared that, "had it not been for Providence *and another man* she would never have been got out alive." The theory of the old woman's assertion seems to have operated in one of the churches in Logansport, Ohio, where, on the national fast-day, in the presence of a large congregation, a gentleman of reputed creditable attainments, both literary and moral, thus prayed; "O Lord, had the East done as well as the Hoosier State in furnishing men to put down this rebellion we would not be under the necessity of calling on Thee!"

"Do let me have your photograph!" said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

The New Bedford *Mercury* says that an Irish couple, a few evenings since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door bell of one of the Protestant parsons of our city. The door was opened by the clergyman, who, on inquiring what they wanted, was informed by Michael that he and Bridget came to be married. "But why," asked the parson, "don't you go to the priest?" "And sure we did," said Michael, "and he tould us to go to the divil, and *so we came to you.*"

A traveler in Ireland having been inclined to deny that the peasantry were humorous was told to ask any question at the first laboring man he met on the road. Accordingly, on seeing a sturdy fellow breaking stones, he says, "Now, my man, if the devil were to come here just now, whether would he take you or me?" "Me, to be sure," says the man, "for he's certain of your honor at any time."

T. B. THORPE, once "of Louisiana"—though before and since of New York—Colonel of our army in Mexico under "Old Zack"—author of "Tom Owen the Bee-Hunter" and a score of other clever sketches of character, besides Magazine papers on Art and Natural History almost without number—painter of one of the three good pictures of Niagara—a clever stump-speaker—and one of the best story-tellers of the day—has just made a most successful appearance upon the platform as a lecturer. His lecture on "the Inside View of the Great Southern Rebellion" was a marked success. During his long residence in what is now "Secessia" he became personally known to almost all the men who are now magnates of the rebellion; and he lights up the graver part of his discourse with anecdotes and reminiscences as deftly as he had lighted up the sombre parts of his "Niagara." The lecture has one fault: it is too short. It occupies only two hours, while the audience who listened to its first delivery were anxious for "more." Lecture Committees, who want a live subject treated by a live man, in a lively manner, will bespeak this if they are "Wise;" if "Otherwise," they will not.

A good-for-nothing fellow left his wife in a great rage, telling her that he would never come back till he was rich enough to come in a carriage. For once he kept his word, being trundled home drunk in a wheel-barrow.

WAY OF THE WORLD.—If the speculator misses his aim, every body cries out, "he's a fool," and sometimes, "he's a rogue." If he succeed, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

At one of the London police-courts, last week, a professional beggar, on being asked what trade he followed, replied that he was "a philanthropist."

Children don't often consult the will of the father; his only will that they are apt to care much about is his last.

A coquette is equal to a dozen high winds in throwing dust in one's eyes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, January 14, in the Senate, a communication was received from the President, transmitting a copy of the instructions received by the Austrian Minister from his Government relative to the *Trent* affair, and the reply of Mr. Seward thereto. The resolution of Senator Powell, calling on the Secretary of War for an answer to the resolution in regard to contracts, was taken up, debated briefly, and adopted by a vote of thirty-four against three. A communication was received from Mr. Lamon, the Marshal of the District of Columbia, giving the regulations respecting visitors to the jail under his charge. Senator Grimes called up the bill providing for the release of fugitive slaves from the jail. This led to a long debate on the negro question, and finally the bill passed by a vote of thirty-one against four. The House bill for the relief of the owners of the British ship *Perthshire* was passed, and the Senate adjourned.——The House resumed the consideration of the bill to abolish the franking privilege, and after a lengthy discussion passed it by a vote of 107 against 42. In Committee of the Whole the bill making an appropriation of $35,500 for the exhibition of American products at the London World's Fair was taken up, and a lively debate followed in reference to our relations with Great Britain, in which Messrs. Conkling of New York, and Lovejoy of Illinois, participated. The bill was finally laid on the table by a large majority, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 15th, in the Senate, the joint resolution to promote the efficiency of the troops serving in Kansas was taken up and discussed by Senators Saulsbury, Lane, and Harlan. Senator Trumbull, of the Judiciary Committee, to which had been referred all the plans for confiscating the property of rebels, reported a bill, as a substitute for the whole, confiscating the property and declaring free the slaves of rebels. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was reported by the Finance Committee. A communication was received from the Navy Department, in answer to a resolution relative to the employment of George D. Morgan, which was referred. After an executive session, during which the appointment of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War was confirmed, the Senate adjourned. ——In the House, Mr. Conway, of Kansas, introduced a joint resolution to promote the efficiency of the troops in Kansas. Mr. Corning, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a joint resolution, that, in order to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government, and the interest on the national loan, and have an ample sinking fund for its ultimate liquidation, a tax be imposed, which, with the tariff on imports, will secure an annual sum of not less than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, moved to postpone the consideration of the subject until Monday week, which was voted down, and the joint resolution, under the previous question, was agreed to by a vote of 133 to 5. Mr. Blair, from the Military Committee, reported a bill amendatory of the direct tax bill, providing for liberating and colonizing the slaves of rebels, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On Thursday, 16th, in the Senate, the Secretary of War sent in an answer to the resolution in regard to contracts. The Secretary states that the first resolution was received at the Department just after the battle of Bull Run, and that since then he has not had sufficient clerical force to properly answer the resolution. The answer also states: "I myself have not made a single contract for any purpose whatever. The heads of bureaus have made all the contracts." The subject was referred. A resolution declaring Marshal Lamon guilty of a breach of the privileges, and of contempt of the authority of the Senate, by his order excluding Senators from the District jail, and that said resolution be communicated to the President, was laid over. The bill providing that army or naval officers who shall arrest fugitive slaves shall be discharged from the public service, was then discussed till the expiration of the morning hour. The debate on the Kansas contested election case was resumed, the question being on a motion to strike out the word "not" in the resolution of the Judiciary Committee declaring that Mr. Lane was not entitled to his seat. The motion was finally adopted by a vote of 24 to 16, thus rejecting Mr. Stanton's claim to a seat. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill was passed authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to furnish the prisoners of the United States in the revolted States with clothing and other necessaries of life, and for this purpose that he employ such agents as may be necessary.

On Friday, 17th, in the Senate, Mr. Jacob M. Howard, Senator elect from Michigan, in place of Senator Bingham, deceased, was qualified and took his seat. The joint resolution from the House, declaratory of the purpose of Congress to impose taxes which will yield $150,000,000 of revenue, was adopted, Senator Powell alone voting against it. The Senate held an executive session, confirmed the appointment of Mr. Cameron to the Russian Mission, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the District of Columbia Committee made a report regarding Marshal Lamon's jail regulations, to the effect that while they are annoying to members of Congress, they are not so onerous as to require the intervention of the House, and hence the Committee ask to be relieved from further consideration of the subject. Mr. Stevens reported the West Point Academy Appropriation bill, and stated that he had been informed that numerous libeling letter-writers had been finding fault with the Committee of Ways and Means for not reporting an equitable tax bill. The committee, however, he said, are gathering facts, and work for hours after attending to business in the House. He desired to say that the criticisms and libels of the press would not make them move one minute faster than a due regard to the public interests will permit. The Fortification Appropriation bill, as originally reported, was passed. It appropriates between five and six millions of dollars for the completion of defensive works already commenced.

On Monday, 20th, in the Senate, a petition was presented asking for the continuance of the Coast Survey, and a protest was received from citizens of New York against the appointment of a Solicitor of Customs for that city. Bills were introduced and referred regarding the pay of naval officers; the appointment of additional Secretaries of War for one year; repealing the act excepting witnesses before Congressional Committees from examination in courts of justice; and authorizing payment for property occupied by United States troops. Resolutions providing for a daily overland mail between Utah and Oregon, and authorizing certain naval officers to accept presents from the Japanese Government, were offered. The bill amending the articles of war, and imposing the death penalty upon spies, was discussed and laid over. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was passed, as amended. A communication from the Government of Prussia upon the *Trent* affair was received from the President. The report of the Judiciary Committee that no cause exists for the expulsion of Senator Bright, of Indiana, charged with treasonable correspondence, was warmly debated, but no action was taken.——In the House, a memorial was presented from workmen in the Brooklyn Navy-yard; William A. Hall, from the Third District of Missouri, took the oath and his seat; the Committee on Elections reported a resolution that Joseph Segar is not entitled to represent the First District of Virginia. A bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to settle with the States for supplies furnished troops was referred. A resolution was adopted confiscating certain lands selected by Alabama, under the law of Congress, and applying the same to the use of a Seminary in the Territory where the lands are. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire whether further legislation is necessary to secure to the relatives of killed or deceased volunteers the bounty provided by the Act of July last. A bill discharging all bands of volunteer regiments was referred, and also a bill establishing Territorial governments in rebel States. Mr. Allen, of Ohio, offered a resolution that no part of appropriations made or taxes levied by Congress shall be applied for the prosecution of a war for emancipating slaves in rebel States. Mr. Blake, of Ohio, moved to lay this resolution on the table. Carried—91 against 37. A resolution was adopted from the Government Contract Committee, ordering the arrest of Henry Hickley, for refusing to appear before the Committee at Cincinnati; and a bill was also adopted appropriating $10,000 for expenses of the Committee. A motion by Mr. Lovejoy, to instruct the Judiciary Committee to report a bill making void all sales, transfers, and dispositions of all kinds of property by persons engaged in insurrection, was passed. On motion of Mr. Blair, of Missouri, the Committee on Ways and Means were instructed to inquire into the expediency of levying a stamp tax upon the circulating notes of banks and other corporations. A bill to establish an additional judicial district in New York was referred. Debates upon the rebellion and the slavery question consumed the remainder of the time until adjournment.

IMPORTANT UNION VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

By telegraphic dispatches from Kentucky we learn that on Saturday, January 18, the rebel general Zollicoffer marched out of his intrenchments at Mill Spring and attacked the camp of the Union forces under General Schoepfli at three o'clock A.M. The battle raged with great fury until four o'clock P.M., with a very heavy loss on both sides. At that hour, however, General Zollicoffer was killed, and the rebels fled in confusion to their camp. The Union forces were reinforced by General Thomas during the fight, and on Sunday afternoon they pursued the rebels, captured their intrenched camp and army stores, and totally dispersed the army. The rebel loss is reported at 275. The Tenth Indiana regiment lost 75 killed and wounded. No further Union loss reported. This victory clears East Kentucky of rebels, and opens the way for the advance of General Buell into East Tennessee. It is rumored that, in consequence of this Union victory, General Beauregard has evacuated Manassas, fearing that his supplies will be cut off and his flank turned by Buell's army; but this report lacks confirmation.

GREAT FLOOD IN CALIFORNIA.

Further telegraphic accounts have been received of the great flood in Sacramento Valley. In the streets of Sacramento the water was from two to eleven feet deep, and the Legislature adjourned until the flood subsided. Cooked provisions were sent on from San Francisco. The loss of property is immense, and the flood unprecedented.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN ADVANCE.

General M'Clellan has issued a peremptory order to commandants of divisions and brigades, enjoining the absolute necessity of keeping every officer and soldier at his post at this critical juncture. Nothing but medical certificates of ill health and other urgent reasons shall entitle any officer to furlough or leave of absence.

M'CLELLAN BEFORE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

General M'Clellan was closeted on 15th with the Committee on the Conduct of the War, at the Capitol, from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, during which time he communicated much valuable information to the committee. He was subsequently summoned to an interview with the President.

THE ADVANCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

General M'Clernand's force marched on 15th to Mayfield, Kentucky. The rebels who are encamped close to that place, at Camp Beauregard, will therefore either give fight or retire. General Grant and staff went down on 15th on the steamer *Chancellor*, and landed at Fort Jefferson.

Deserters report 40,000 rebels at Columbus. General Grant made a heavy reconnoissance on the afternoon of the 16th inst., going within five miles of Columbus, but no rebels were discovered. A dispatch from Cairo reports that on Friday night the expedition to Bloomfield returned successful, with 40 rebel captives, including one Lieutenant-Colonel and one Adjutant and three Captains. A reconnoissance up the Tennessee River by the gun-boat *Conestoga* had failed to discover any fortifications.

GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY.

According to the letters of the *Tribune* correspondent, with the advance of General Buell's army, from Munfordsville, up to the 14th instant, the preparations for an early advance were completed, but the weather had been too unfavorable and the roads too miry for a movement against the enemy. Rifle-pits and intrenchments were being made on the south bank of Green River, to protect the bridge in case of need.

THE LAST OF HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

A dispatch from Colonel Garfield to General Buell, dated Prestonburg, 11th, states that he left Paintville Thursday noon with 1100 men, and engaged Marshall's forces, 2500 strong, with three cannon posted on the hill. "We fought them," he says, "till dark, and drove them from their positions. This morning we found twenty-five of his dead on the field. The enemy's loss can not be less than sixty. We took twenty-five prisoners and a quantity of stores. The enemy burned most of his stores and fled precipitately during the night. To-day I have crossed the river and been occupying Prestonburg. Our loss is two killed and twenty-five wounded."

ANOTHER FIELD-DAY AT FORT PICKENS.

Colonel Harvey Brown opened fire from Fort Pickens on the 1st inst. upon the rebel steamer *Times* while loading stores at the Pensacola Navy-yard. He was provoked to adopt this course by the fact that the rebel batteries at Pensacola had been firing for some days previous at our small craft. The rebels returned the fire, several of their shells bursting within Fort Pickens, but wounding only one man. The firing was continued until evening, when the last shot came from Colonel Brown's guns. One of the shots from Fort Pickens made a breach in Fort Barrancas, and during the day the town of Warrington was set on fire by our shells, and continued to burn until the night of the 2d.

SIEGEL IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

A dispatch from Rolla, Missouri, says that the indications are that the troops there, under General Siegel, will soon move eastward. The pickets of the enemy extend fourteen miles from Springfield, where General Price is estimated to have about 12,000 men. General M'Intosh was reported as coming to his aid with large reinforcements from Arkansas.

MASON AND SLIDELL SAFE.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell arrived at Saint Georges, Bermuda, on the 9th instant, on board the British war steamer *Rinaldo*. After the *Rinaldo* had coaled she sailed for Saint Thomas, where the rebel agents would wait a passage to England in the regular British West India mail steamer.

MORE PENNSYLVANIANS FOR THE WAR.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, his State having already furnished her full quota of troops, asks permission to send eight full regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, now ready in Pennsylvania, on an expedition to the Southern coast. Bravo for the old Keystone State!

DISCONTENT AMONG THE REBELS.

Southern papers afford conclusive proof of the increasing discontent and demoralization of the rebel army. It is admitted by the Richmond journals that the inertion and *ennui* which has fallen upon the troops is working out terrible results. The Richmond *Examiner* says that, while the rebel army is accomplishing nothing, the Northern Government has been making movements and assaults, and carrying on plans of attack to suit themselves, without any delays or alarms, ever since they were compelled to make hasty preparations for the defense of Washington several months ago. The whole tone of the Southern papers would seem to indicate a fear that the rebellion is in immediate danger of breaking up.

REBEL ARMIES DISBANDING.

The intelligence of the Government is to the effect that the rebels will have great difficulty in inducing their twelve months' men to remain in the service, after the periods of their enlistment, which expire in February and March.

MORE ADVICE FROM THE FOREIGNERS.

The State Department has received notes from the Governments of Prussia and Austria on the *Trent* question, similar to that from Russia, urging that it would be not only wise in us to avoid a foreign war at this time, but also that the surrender of the captive rebels would be in accordance with American doctrines of international law.

PERSONAL.

General Lane is to leave Washington soon for Kansas, to take the head of his brigade. He has had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary of War, and General M'Clellan. They gave him full liberty to conduct the campaign in Kansas on his own principles.

Dispatches from Minister Corwin confirm the report that he is about to come home, as, under his instructions, he can not advance our interests in Mexico. The Mexicans are making great preparations to resist the allies.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

CONFIDENCE IN PEACE.

THE news by the steamships *Anglo-Saxon* and *Hansa* had materially strengthened confidence in peace. Consols showed great buoyancy and had further advanced about one half per cent., and closed firm on Friday, the 3d instant, at the quotations current before the *Trent* affair, and showed an advance of three-eighths since the 1st instant.

THE "TUSCARORA" ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE "NASHVILLE."

A suspicious steamer has been seen cruising in the English channel off Dover, and there were strong reasons to suppose it was the privateer *Sumter*. [Supposed to be the United States gun-boat *Tuscarora*.]

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The Emperor, on New-Year's day, made an address to the diplomatic corps, and received as usual the various State bodies. In response to an address from the Senate, he said he counted on the Senate to assist him in perfecting the constitution, and at the same time maintaining intact the fundamental basis on which it rests. To the legislative body he merely expressed the hope that they would see in the recent modifications of the constitution a new proof of his confidence in their intelligence and patriotism. To the clergy he gave assurance that they might count on his protection and lively sympathy, telling them that they knew how to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. This expression had given rise to the idea that a serious attempt is about to be made to settle terms for the evacuation of Rome.

ITALY.

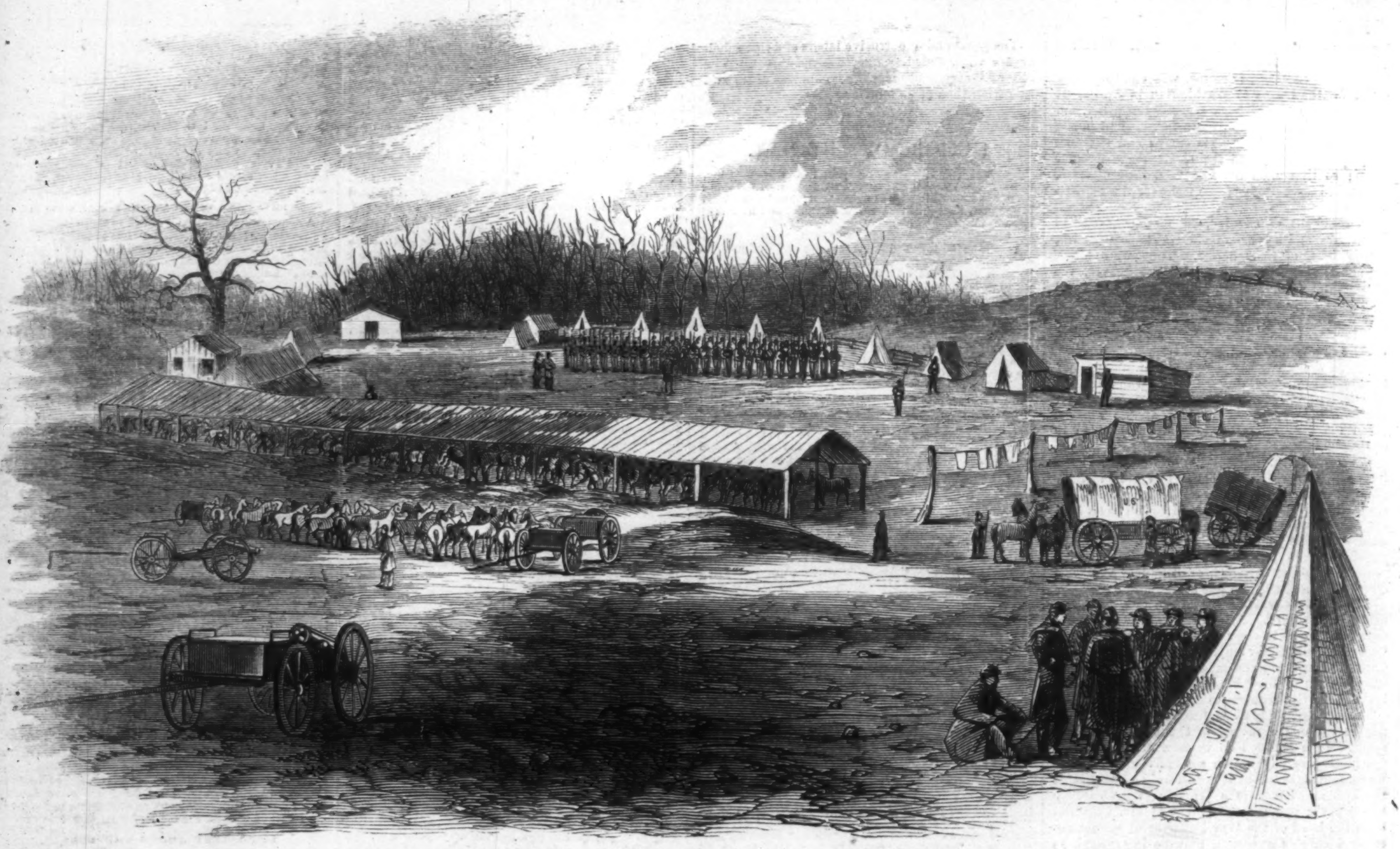
A SPEECH FROM THE POPE.

On New-Year's day the Pope received General Guyon and French officers. General Guyon spoke of devotion toward the Pope, and the latter thanked Guyon for the sentiments expressed. The present French soldiers at Rome would not permit the fulfillment of any irreligious or impolitic act. The Pope concluded by bestowing the apostolic benediction on the imperial family, the Emperor Napoleon, and the whole French company.

SPAIN.

THE "SUMTER" AT CADIZ.

Mr. Adams, our Minister at London, under date of the 4th inst., writes to Collector Barney, of New York, that the *Sumter* had arrived at Cadiz, having burned three vessels.



ENCAMPMENT OF CAPTAIN PATTERSON'S CAVALRY SCOUTS, NEAR HANCOCK, MARYLAND.—[Sketched by Mr. W. W. Charles.]

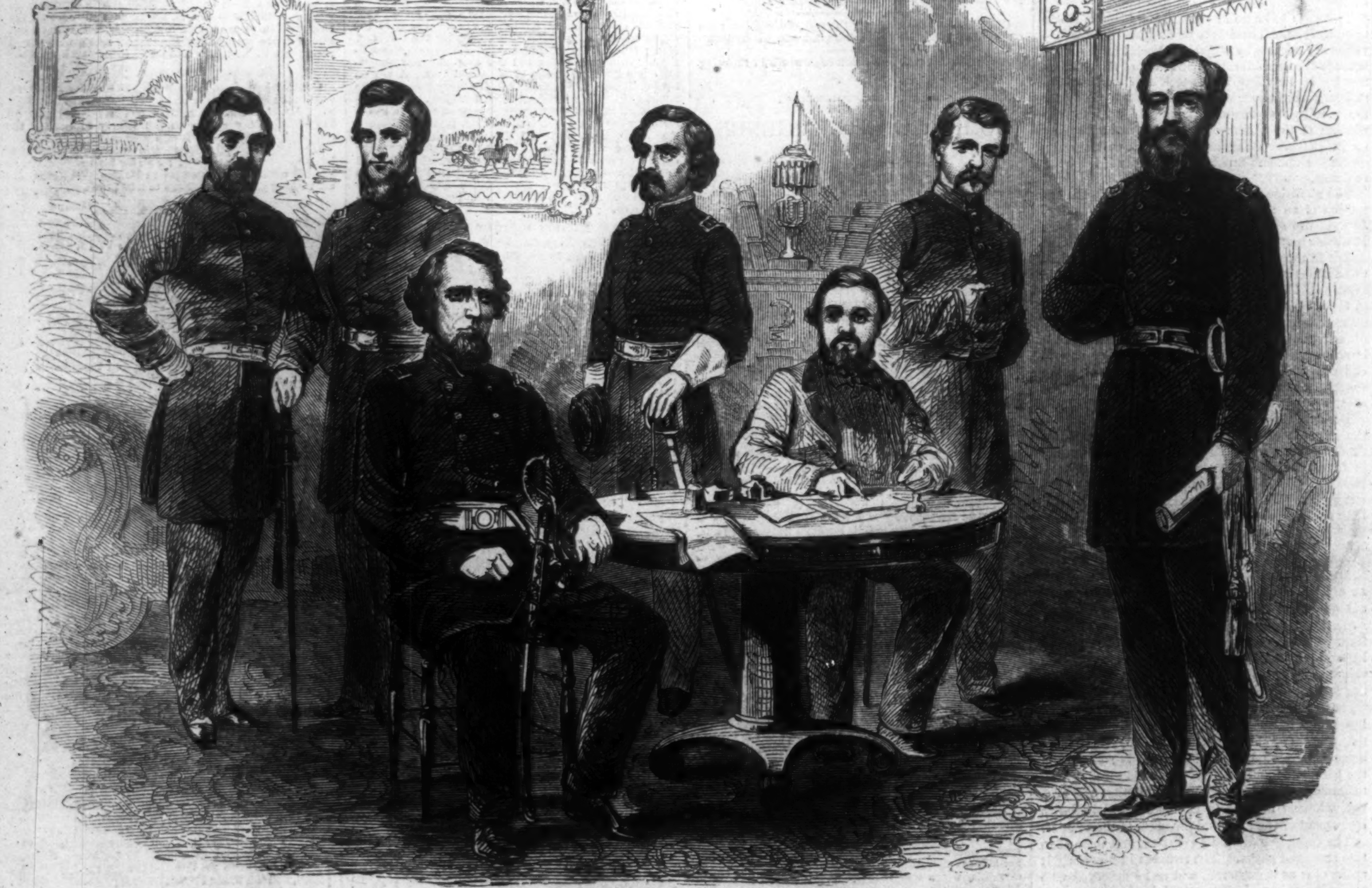
CAVALRY PICKET AT HANCOCK, MARYLAND.

As attention has been lately directed to Hancock, Maryland, by the skirmishes which have recently taken place there between General Jackson, of the rebel army, and our General Lander, we publish on this page a picture of a Cavalry Picket at that point, from a sketch by a member of the picket. The artist writes:

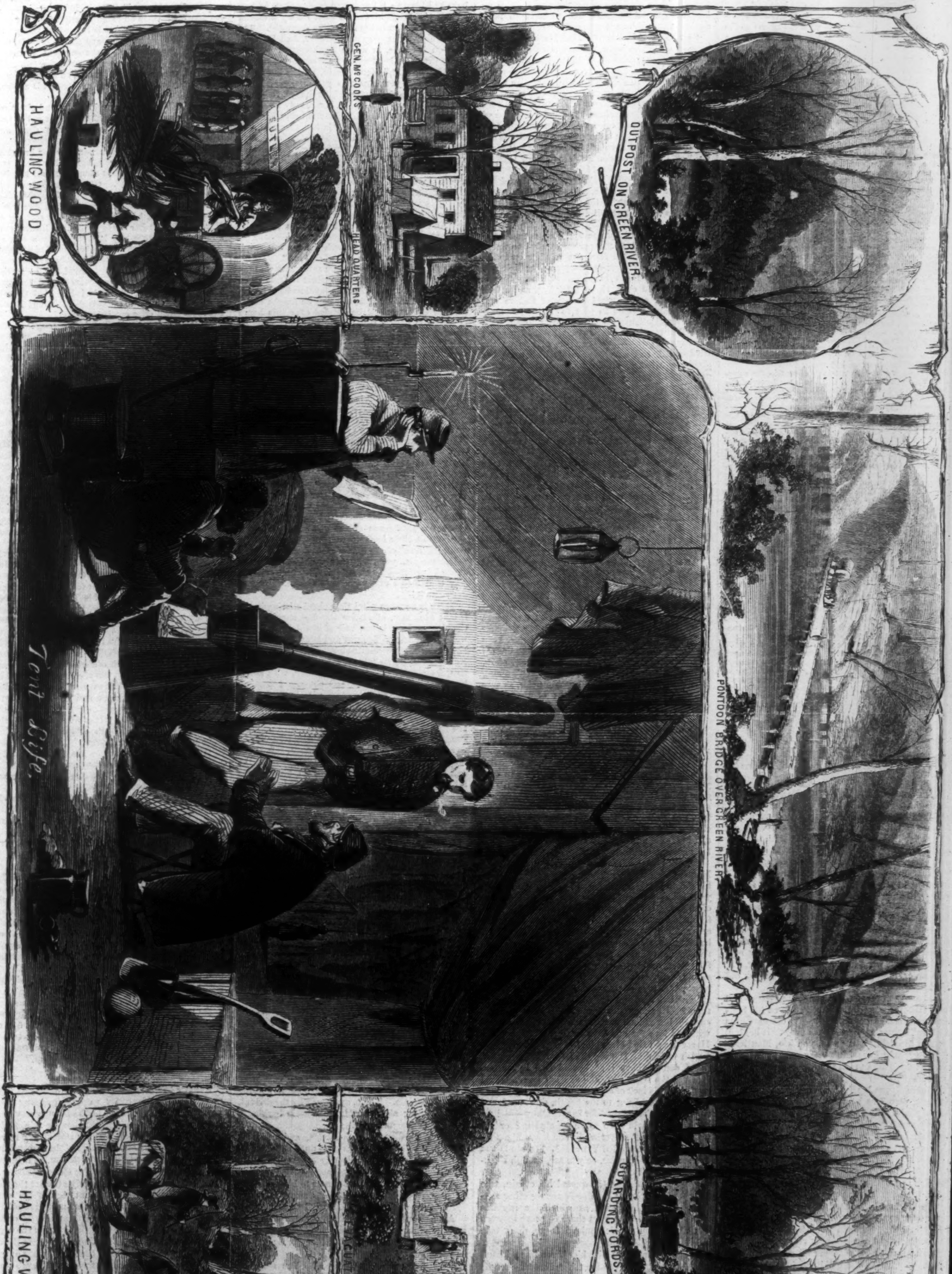
> Captain R. H. Patterson's Cavalry Scouts, raised in Pittsburg by Captain R. H. Patterson, has been for the last three months a prominent part of the advanced-guard of the Upper Potomac. Besides acquiring no mean proficiency in cavalry tactics and sabre exercise, they have done much good to the Union cause in picket duty at the principal fordings and crossings on the river between Williamsport and Hancock, in preventing the transmission of salt and other supplies to the rebels. They have also taken part in several brisk little skirmishes, among which are those at Sir John's Run and Cherry Run. In their scouting parties they have made several important arrests.

GENERAL KELLEY AND STAFF.

We publish on this page an engraving of General Kelley and Staff, from a drawing by Mr. Guril Bott. General Kelley is the gallant Virginian who was the first man in his State to raise a regiment of Union troops, and who was so gravely wounded at the very first battle in Western Virginia. He has since been promoted to a Brigadier-generalship, and has a command at or near Cumberland. Great things are expected of him, as he is known to be a man of remarkable energy and daring.


Lieut. W. B. Kelley.
Capt. J. M. Mackenzie.
Brig.-Gen. B. F. Kelley.
Capt. B. F. Hawkes.
B. Powell, Private Secretary.
Capt. G. W. Harrison.
Maj. John B. Frothingham.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL KELLEY, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, AND STAFF.


HAULING WOOD
SUTLER
GEN. McCOOK'S HEAD QUARTERS
OUTPOST ON GREEN RIVER.
Tent Life.
PONTOON BRIDGE OVER GREEN RIVER.
HAULING WATER
EVACUATED ENTRENCHMENT OF BUCKNER.
GUARDING FORDS.

WAR SCENES ON GREEN RIVER, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY MR. HENRY MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

OUR ARMY ON GREEN RIVER.

WE devote page 69 to illustrations of our army on Green River, Kentucky, from sketches by our Kentucky correspondent, Mr. Henry Mosler. They need no description. Mr. Mosler says that he witnessed a very brisk skirmish with the rebels at the spot entitled "Guarding Fords." The pontoon bridge shown in the picture was built by Willich's German Regiment, Thirty-second Indiana. A letter to the *Tribune* from Munfordsville, dated 16th January, says:

> The divisions of Generals M'Cook, Nelson, and Mitchell still occupy their old positions. In the course of this week mounted scouting parties of rebels appeared several times in sight of our outpost pickets, on the south bank of Green River. But as, since the attack on Willich's German Regiment by the Texan Rangers, our advance has been greatly strengthened, they kept at a safe distance.
>
> The wooden substitute for the central portion of the iron railroad bridge over Green River, destroyed by the rebels some two months ago, was at last finished on Tuesday, and evening before last a locomotive made an experimental trip to the south bank. I had some misgivings as to the strength of the frail-looking trestle-work; but it promises to answer until something more durable can be put in its place. Railroad facilities to the south bank of Green River were a *conditio sine qua non* of a successful campaign in the southern part of the State, and an advance of our troops could not be thought of without them, in view of the general spoliation of the counties now under rebel control of every thing in the shape of food for man or beast, and the indispensable necessity of ready means of supplying the immense columns about moving on the enemy.
>
> General Thomas's division, lately advanced from Lebanon to the vicinity of Columbia, in Adair County, has been more active than the troops still on the north side of Green River. Five regiments belonging to it, under command of Brigadier-General Boyle, marched on the day before yesterday, toward the Cumberland River—whether to cross and threaten the rear of Zollicoffer or merely to put a stop to rebel navigation from the north bank, I am unable to say. A small force from Thomas's division is also reported to have occupied Greensburg, in Green County, until lately held by a few hundred rebels.
>
> From General Schoepff's brigade we hear that three regiments lately made a reconnoissance to the banks of the Cumberland, and ascertained the fact of the passage of several heavily loaded Nashville steamboats up the river with supplies of arms, ammunition, and provisions for Zollicoffer's command. The movement of General Boyle was undoubtedly made in consequence of this information. It was well known weeks ago to General Buell that the object of Zollicoffer's appearance in the Upper Cumberland Valley was to obtain control of the coal-mines in that region, which supply Nashville with fuel; and for the purpose of preventing the shipment of such on the river, Captain Prime was ordered by him to erect a small work on the north bank, near Somerset. Unfortunately, the Captain ventured to make his preliminary surveys without an escort, and was captured by the rebels. Since then nothing appears to have been done toward stopping the navigation of the river by the rebels until this week. A small battery will effectually do it.
>
> The bridge over Green River—the most important of the preliminary work—being completed, the three divisions encamped about and near this village would probably have moved forward ere this were it not for the terrible condition to which this part of the State has been reduced by the almost uninterrupted rains of the last few days. The surface of the ground has been softened to the depth of several feet by the superabundance of water from above, and the roads and camps are almost fathomless. Movements afoot are fraught with indescribable discomfort. In front of every house and tent yawns an abyss of mud. On horseback alone progress can be made. Teams find it extremely laborious to pass in any direction. Military exercises had to be suspended during the continuance of the wet spell. The usual gloomy effect of rainy weather is visible upon every body's countenance. All look dull and melancholy, and pray for relief by frost or sun. The unavoidable confinement for days within the narrow walls of a tent is truly one of the sorriest features of military life, and your correspondent is most heartily tired of it. When it will please Providence to render an advance possible by an improvement of the roads, I can not, of course, divine, but trust that it will be before long.

ON THE KENTUCKY BORDER.

I.

"YOU'VE lived too long at the North, Maurice! You ought never to have left Old Kentucky!"

"Well, perhaps so. I might then have been a fellow of about six feet three (I should have grown at least five inches taller, of course), with my hair very badly in want of cutting, my teeth dyed of a good permanent yellow with tobacco, my pants thrust in my boot-tops, and my homespun suit rather out at elbows. I should be a crack shot at turkeys, deer, or 'possum, and count it a disgrace not to bring down a squirrel as dead as a hammer with the wind of my bullet. I should loaf about all day talking horse, with a whip under my arm and half a dozen dogs at my heels, or fighting cocks at Jones's tavern. At night I should chew myself sleepy by a wood fire, dream about *euchre*, and wake up crying out 'I'll go it alone!' as you did only last evening!"

The young man whose personal appearance and characteristics were thus described eyed his half-brother with an expression indicative of resentment at his raillery and incapacity to answer it in kind.

"You kin talk right peart, you kin, Maurice!" he said; "on'y I wouldn't wake snakes, if I were you. It don't take much to raise a fight out here, you know."

Maurice Byrne laughed. "I don't want a fight with *you*, Dan," he said; "you'll get enough of that, if you're going to volunteer, which I should be sorry to see."

"Well I am, then, and Andy too; the game's made up, and there's no backing down about it!"

"Don't take the boy, Dan, whatever you do yourself. His father would rather see him dead than fighting against the Union; besides, he's too young."

"He kin knock the head off a turkey at a hundred yards, and I reckon that's further than any of Linc'ln's nigger-stealin' abolishioners 'll like to come within sight of a Kentuck rifle!"

"Dan! Dan! why *will* you talk such nonsense? The abolitionists, as you call them, haven't set foot in our soil, though we, under the treacherous pretext of neutrality, are organizing a 'State Guard' which, as every body knows, is Secesh to the backbone. Don't you see that invasion is threatened only from the other side?"

"The Tennessee men are our friends, and fightin' for Southern rights. You can't rub that out, no way you kin fix it! And me and Andy are bound to join them!"

"I'm sorry to hear it. What would you say to me if I were to join the Union men?"

"But you won't?" And Dan Byrne looked equally surprised, puzzled, and indignant.

"I don't know. If I acted on my convictions, I should. I was captain of a company in Illinois, and they'd be glad to get me back again, I've no doubt. Only I wouldn't like to have to fight against Kentuckians any how."

"Or to leave Harry!" added his half-brother, knowingly. The name, we may remark, notwithstanding its masculinity, designated a girl of eighteen, cousin to the speakers; nor was it used as an abbreviation. In accordance with a practice not at all uncommon half a century ago, nor yet extinct among the rougher denizens of Kentucky and Tennessee, it had been bestowed in jocular defiance of the trammels of custom, as were not unfrequently those of women upon infants of the opposite sex.

Maurice took the remark in good part. "Well, yes," said he; "you don't object to that, Dan, do you?"

"No! I wish you'd jes' marry the gal, and settle right down among us, as you might do for all I kin see to prevent it; for she's as good a Union woman as any out of jail, let the next come from where she will."

"That's so; Dan Byrne; and she's not ashamed of it either!" And the person alluded to unexpectedly looked forth from the window on to the wooden piazza, the scene of the preceding dialogue. She was a brilliant brunette, with magnificent black hair and eyes, ripe scarlet lips, and a face whose bold, symmetrical beauty of feature and ruddy health seemed in part to justify her masculine appellation. Not too neatly dressed, with her fell of tangled curls put back behind her ears; her bare, brown, handsome arms crossed on the window-sill, and a half-resentful blush upon her cheeks at what she had overheard, she stood regarding the cousin who had spoken of her with friendly defiance.

He laughed, and affectionately tried to twitch her by the ear. "I'm right, Harry, ain't I?" he said; "you'd stop me and Andy going if you could—wouldn't you?"

"Father would, if he were here," she answered, emphatically.

"I have been trying to persuade Dan not to take him," put in Maurice, in whose cheek an answering flush of emotion had welcomed Harry's appearance. "The lad is altogether too young for it. Think of uncle's anger and distress if he comes to any mischief."

"He kin take care of himself; and if he can't, I'll take care of him," said the intended volunteer, doggedly; "and he *will* go!"

"Can't *you* stop him? I have tried my best, and the boy really seems bent on it," appealed Maurice to Harry, who, twisting one of her long tangled curls very much as an impatient or meditative man might his mustache, looked from one to the other, in sympathy with Maurice and anger at Dan, blended with apprehension for her younger brother. "Both had better remain at home, I am sure; and I'd give every thing I have in the world to keep them there. At least let us save the boy, who will join this infernal rebellion—don't scowl, Dan, for it *is* a rebellion, and nothing else, as sure as you live—without a thought of the consequences."

"*That* for consequences!" cried Dan Byrne, with an emphatic expectoration of tobacco-juice.

"You want Andy killed, then?" inquired Harry, with exasperated affection.

"I'd rather be killed myself, and you know it."

—"I don't! If you cared for him, as you say, you'd never tempt him away from us—for it's all *your* doing! Father is against it, and Maurice is against it, and *I* am against it; yet, because he's a boy, and knows no better, and has got his head full of nonsense about Southern rights, and Yankees, and invasion, and Heaven knows what—as all the boys around here have—you'll take him with you!"

"Listen to me once more, Dan," interposed Maurice, checking a choleric reply on the part of his cousin; "you are going to take up arms against your country in entire misconception of the state of things. If it comes to a fight here—which God forbid!—it won't be with Yankees, but Kentuckians against Kentuckians. Our State has voted herself neutral, because there was then no alternative between that and secession. We had traitors for rulers, and loyal men could only temporize to gain time. But Kentucky is *for* the Union at heart; I'm sure of it. Wasn't I up at Louisville only a week ago, and don't I know what's brewing there? Here, on the borders, *secesh* is rampant enough, but it don't amount to any thing compared with the love for and loyalty to the Union which Harry Clay—God bless him!—taught us long ago. I wish we had all learned the lesson."

"I don't believe it!" shouted Dan Byrne, enraged at the statement, and at what he considered merely as his lack of argumentative ability to confute it; "we b'long to the South, don't we? and when she's in for a fight—for her rights by ——! for her rights!—hain't we to be counted in? or are we to stan' roun' shivering in our boots like a lot of corn-shucking souled Yankees? You are bound to get me mad, Maurice, so you are, though I cautioned you not to!"

"*Ira furor brevis est!*" quoted his cousin, who had "taught school" in Illinois among other miscellaneous employments, at which the irascible Dan sniffed and spat; "let there be peace between us; and if you *are* determined to go, don't take Andy."

"You kin both talk with him if you like; I han't persuaded him!" And the tall volunteer—he was a fine, though rough-looking fellow of three-and-twenty, Maurice's junior by five years—took his rifle from its corner behind the door, whistled to his dogs, and departed, his homely-attired but manly figure soon disappearing among the luxuriant summer foliage of the wild Kentucky woodland which surrounded the house. 'Maurice watched it until he was out of sight, and then turned to Harry, who, quitting her post at the window, emerged on the piazza. Tall in stature, like her race, her proportions were yet so exquisitely symmetrical, even in their dress of blue homespun, that she could not appear otherwise than strikingly handsome, and might have sat for a model for Spenser's Britomart or Tasso's Clorinda. I have said that her arms were bare and brown: if her feet were also, their beauty and that of her ankles made their nudity a matter of congratulation to the masculine spectator. The only looker-on at present, however, had his eyes bent on her face, in which frank regard for him and concern for her brother were equally manifest.

"Harry, dear," Maurice said, taking her hand, "I can't tell you how this persistence of Dan's pains me; I don't wonder at his opinions, recollecting what I was before I left home, only because I aspired to better the rough fortune into which our family has decayed, and to win her whom I loved almost as a boy—whom I find increased in beauty, yet possessing the same brave, earnest nature as ever. Loving her as I do, I would fain save her brother from this miserable rebellion if I can not rescue my own. Is there no way to effect it?"

"If father were at home he would soon stop Andy's going. They both know that. I am afraid Dan will hurry him off before father's return."

"And I too. But you know what took him away at such a time?"

"He didn't tell me, though I have my suspicions. *You* know, Maurice, of course?"

"I do. He went to procure arms that we may be able to defend ourselves against traitors when the evil day comes. He is as loyal as he is brave, and swears that the dear old flag he fought under at New Orleans shall be hoisted over this house never to be hauled down by rebel hands while he lives to protect it. In that resolution I am with him heart and soul, failing to persuade him to remove to a place of safety. Only on his and your account do I linger here, otherwise I should be doing a man's duty in defense of the Union now."

"Never let that prevent you. If I were a man I'd shoulder a musket beside you!"

II.

THREE months have proved the correctness of Maurice Byrne's judgment, and the Kentucky border, subjected to all the horrors and miseries of a devastating civil war by invasion from the South, seems again deserving of its ancient ominous title, "the dark and bloody ground." I resume my story toward the close of the latter part of September, when the wild woods of that wild part of the State are in all their autumnal glory, and when the hot noontide sun shines down in unclouded splendor on their leafy loveliness, lighting up the "fall fashions" of the hamadryads—their purples, reds, oranges, yellows, their necklaces of ruby sumach berries—like a veritable fairy orchard. A pity that men's evil passions should be there to desecrate it!

There is no more wind than cloud stirring in the bright blue sky, otherwise the flag surmounting the time-stained homestead of old Jasper Byrne would not hang so straight and heavily as it does. Every day since the State election in August (when Kentucky, with its "State Guard" in full operation, its power in the hands of traitors, with rebellious Virginia, Tennessee, and the worst part of Missouri inclosing her borders, yet chose, deliberately and unconditionally, to adhere to and share the fate of the Union), every day, at sunrise, has the flag been hoisted by a hand that once pulled a deadly trigger on a certain memorable Eighth of January, to be lowered only at sunset. It is the only flag of its kind within a score of miles on the soil of Kentucky; there are bastard, hostile ones all around, yet up to the present time it has flouted and defied them.

To this house, then, at noontide, on an autumn day, comes riding through the woods, over the stony road, the gaunt, wasted, cadaverous figure of a young man on a sorry hack of a horse, which has evidently traveled far, fared miserably, and been used unscrupulously. But miserable as is the aspect of the animal, that of its rider far exceeds it in wretchedness. Clad in a tattered, semi-military costume, stained with mire and dust, with an empty coat-sleeve pinned to his breast, a blood-stained rag binding his brow, surmounted by a torn hat, haggard, hollow-eyed, emaciated, unshorn, unshaven, faint with wounds and exhausted with hunger and lack of sleep, so returned Dan Byrne to the family homestead.

Its appearance is unlike the careless, open-doored, open-windowed aspect familiar to him, and at once suggestive of the insecurity of the times and the resolution of its owner. Two or three trees in front have been cut down, probably as a precaution against their affording shelter to enemies; the door is shut, and the windows of the upper and lower stories are defended with strong planks, nailed perpendicularly, with interstices of the width of a rifle-barrel between them. Except a couple of dogs, sleeping under the sunny piazza, nothing living is visible. These, awakened by the arrival, come frisking about the horse's heels barking a clamorous recognition.

The rider dismounts, hesitates, and adds his voice to the din. Not, however, until he has beaten repeatedly upon the door is any reply vouchsafed. Then a footstep approaches from within, and a stern voice questions him as to his name and purpose.

"It's me, uncle! your nephew, Dan Byrne."

A surprised ejaculation from a woman follows, and an indistinctly-heard colloquy. And again the stern voice addresses him, this time in deeper tones than before:

"Go your ways, young man! You *were* my nephew, and *are* a rebel! What have you done with my son?"

"Open, uncle, and I will tell you." And the applicant covered his face with his one hand, shuddered all over, and leaned against the door-post as if to preserve himself from fainting. The dogs, meanwhile, caper and whine around him, some of them scratching at the portal as though seconding the wretched young man's request for admission.

Another whispered dialogue occurs—the woman's voice being heard in supplication—a heavy wooden bar is removed, and the door opens. A tall, resolute-featured man of seventy-five, with iron-gray hair, appears on the threshold, and behind him the handsome, anxious countenance of Harry Byrne.

"Dan!" "Harry!" "Uncle, he's wounded—dying!" With these and similar expressions of pity and sympathy the sufferer is borne into the house, and the old man, after a wary glance outside, sets the door open, permitting the sunlight to stream into the darkened passage between the two main rooms of the ground-floor. Here, on a rough settle, the returned rebel volunteer addresses his anxious listeners.

"Uncle," he says, "you kin take and shoot me just as soon as you've heard what I've got to tell. You'll never see Andy again—he's dead and buried!"

His cousin clasped her hands over her breast as if to check the violent pulsations of her heart, and then hiding her face, wept aloud with all her impulsive woman's nature. Old Jasper Byrne grew deadly pale, turned aside, and, with his head against the wall, strove to hide his emotion. There was a miserable pause, broken only by the sobbing of Harry. At last her uncle spoke in a hoarse, constrained voice, curiously interrupted by a sort of tremulous quaver, inexpressibly painful to listen to:

"It's better as it is," he said; "he was my only boy and I loved him, God knows! but he turned traitor and fout agin his country—and I named him arter Jackson, too! Ah! I'm glad the old woman never lived to see this day! Dan! Dan'l! the lad's blood cries out aginst you!"

"God forgive me if I've done wrong! I lost this arm tryin' to save him!"

"Tell us all about it. Harry, girl! quit cryin'. 'Tain't of no use. 'Twon't bring back the dead or wipe out shame from the living, else you might cry on, for there's a heavy score of it come on our family. Let us hear the whole story."

It may be condensed into a paragraph. Young Andrew Byrne had met his fate in one of the many bloody fratricidal skirmishes following the invasion of Kentucky from the South, being bayoneted in a night-surprise on the part of the loyalists. His cousin, wounded, mutilated, and a prisoner, had contrived to escape and to rejoin the Tennessee regiment which both cousins had belonged to. It was now defeated, dispersed, broken, retreating in scattering handfuls toward the border. Anticipating the arrival of one of these, Dan had hurried on to tell his doleful story, to warn his uncle of the coming danger, and to afford him what protection might accrue from his presence.

"They'll be h'yar before sun-down, I reckon," he concluded. "Uncle, if you don't want to risk the house being burned over your head, you'd better haul that flag down, if but for an hour or two."

The old soldier folded his arms, knitted his brows, and smiled grimly. He was yet tremulous with suppressed grief at the tidings of his son's death, but the prospect of immediate danger seemed to relieve him. "I'll see them —— first!" said he, with energy sufficient to place his determination beyond the reach of entreaty or argument. "They've took my boy; they've got him killed in the wickedest cause that ever man shouldered a rifle for; now let 'em come and receive a father's thanks. I wish Maurice was here now."

"I hearn tell of his joinin' the abolition—the Federalists," Dan remarked. "I'm glad we didn't have to fight agin his regiment."

His uncle made no reply. He was pacing with long strides up and down the passage, nervously, expectantly. Presently he paused, and addressed Harry:

"Gal," he said, "tell Pete to hitch up the old mare and wagon, and do you clear out to Brodnax's—I reckon you'll be safe enough thar. And you may jist tell him—"

But Harry, in her turn, folded her arms with a look of resolution not inferior to that expressed in the countenance of her father.

"I'm going to stop with you," she said, briefly.

"You're better away; it's no woman's work we've got on hand, and I can't be scared with the thought of what these devils may do to you, supposin' I aren't able to beat 'em off, as I intend tryin'! Likely they'll burn the shanty down, as Dan says, and you've got too many fair years of life before you, gal, to die like that. Go away! take my blessing and go away, where you'll be out of danger!"

"I shall stop with you, father; I can load your rifle for you, if I can do nothing else. Don't ask me to leave you now, for I *won't* do it!"

He looked into her eyes, read there her determination and love stronger than death or the fear of it, bent over and kissed her, and abruptly turned away. "You're true grit, gal!" he murmured. "Now then, let's git ready to receive 'em."

III.

SUNSET has come and gone, and darkness rests upon the wild Kentucky woods, shrouding their autumnal glories until the birth of a new day. It is a black, moonless night, threatening rain, and a strong wind has arisen, making melancholy music among the boughs and branches of the forest, driving its foliage fiercely in one direction, as if in emulation of the great wet-looking clouds which are moving rapidly and continuously athwart the face of the heavens. No sound but that of the wind and the occasional startled cry of an owl is audible, the more harmonious night-birds and forest creatures have sought covert in anticipation of the coming storm. And within the house of Jasper Byrne its inmates prepare to meet the scarcely less unreasonable and more harmful tempest of man's passions.

The old soldier has sent away the two negroes forming part of his household, bidding them secure their safety by flight, and in consequence obtained an unexpected auxiliary in the neighbor to whose dwelling he had proposed sending his daughter. Alarmed at the report of the slaves, Dave Brodnax comes to remonstrate with his ancient comrade, hoping to dissuade him from his rash, perhaps suicidal intention, but failing utterly, resolves, with characteristic Kentucky daring and hardihood, to remain and share his fate. He brings confused rumors confirming Dan Byrne's representations. A roving band of defeated Tennesseeans will, in all probability, pass by the homestead. There remains only the hope that their haste may prove greater than their inclination for mischief and desire for wreaking vengeance upon the isolated home of a known loyalist, or that Dan's services, wounds, and mutilation may purchase his uncle's safety, of which he himself is not too sanguine.

Slowly and heavily the night draws on, as, in an upper room, the four inmates of the house wait and listen. Mattresses are placed between the windows, the fire-arms stand loaded and ready, and Harry, with a pale, resolute face, is temporarily relieving Dan in the task of casting bullets. The two old soldiers converse together earnestly. Dan, perturbed and expectant, walks to and fro, or seating himself, assumes a calmness which any transient sound discomposes.

"If it comes to the worst we kin clear out down the slope at the back of the house," says Brodnax; "for I reckon they won't risk their necks in attacking us that side. Then there's the cave not two rods off"—alluding to one of those natural excavations, popularly known in Western vernacular as "sink-holes," which undermine all this portion of Kentucky—"would hold a hundred of us easy."

"I've thought of that," Byrne rejoins, "and there's a ladder handy to its mouth. But, mind, I intend to fight this place just as long as I kin hold it."

"Sartain!" replied his comrade, who in ceasing to combat the other's resolution seemed to have adopted his readiness, if not his eagerness, for the expected fight; "have you left the flag flying?"

"It's thar still. I wish there was a moon that they could see it."

"Well, I don't care so much about that; if they take it for the 'Stars and Bars' it's no matter. You won't open the ball unless they begin it, I reckon?"

"No!" answered Jasper Byrne, relapsing into silence, in which the party remained for perhaps ten minutes, listening to the stormy music of the wind in the forest.

"Come to the door; we shall have plenty of time to fix it and get back," suggests Brodnax. And the two men descend the stairs, unfasten the door, and look out from the shelter of the little piazza into the night and the wild landscape.

Another pause, and a long one. Then through the blustering and soughing of the wind, the dashing of the leaves, and now the patter of the angry rain, a sound, at first faint and distant, rising and falling, a dull, hollow murmur. Anon only the wind and rain. Then the murmur, increasing or lessening with the atmospheric tumult and the windings of the road. Presently an unmistakable sound, resolving itself into the scrambling, disorderly approach of a body of men.

"At last!" The two old soldiers draw back into the house, and are about to close and barricade the door when Dan Byrne stands before them.

"Let me go out, uncle!" he says; "I shall be of more use there than within." His request is granted without a word, and in another minute he stands outside with the door bolted and barred behind him.

The tramp grows louder and louder, the murmur swells into voices; lights, torches, and musket-barrels flash through the wet foliage. In another minute the approaching body, imperfectly seen in the darkness, emerges from the black covert of the woods and comes toward the house. It may comprise between twenty and thirty men, some of them wounded, half of them weaponless. Ragged, dirty, shoeless, savage, weary, and intoxicated, defeat is written in their demeanor and aspect.

Dan Byrne watches them narrowly. Espying his figure by the lights they carry, some of them set up a shout, half-inquiry, half-menace. He advances and confronts them, and is at once recognized by certain of the group.

"What now, boys?" he asks, as they crowd about him with inquiries as to how he came there.

"We've been whipped by the Lincolnites, —— 'em, and they're after us!" is the cry, blended with demands for liquor and refreshment, which the more unruly spirits are about to enforce by a rush toward the house, when Dan raises his voice in vigorous remonstrance:

"Boys!" he cries, "you know me as your comrade, and that I lost this arm in fighting for Southern Rights, and that I wouldn't have cared if it had ben my life. Now, I ask you in return jes' to keep right straight on, without touchin' this house. It belongs to my uncle, and he's an old man, and I don't want him troubled. His only son got killed on our side in the skrimmage up to Edmondson's, and he wants to be let alone."

There was a confused clamor of voices, some in approval, some in dissent. Then a voice shouted, "We've heard of him! he's a d—d Unionist and Yankee, and has got their —— flag flying! Let's have it down, boys!" A partial hurrah followed.

"I know you, Mat Green," said Dan Byrne, bitterly, in the direction of the last speaker; "the biggest coward in the regiment! Come here, and for all I've got but one arm I'll whip *you*, and do it easy!"

Some of the Tennesseeans set up a laugh at this, and for a moment the young Kentuckian thought he had prevailed. Only for a moment: in another he found himself hustled to and fro, half in drunken sport, half in earnest, and heard four or five of the party, who had ascended the piazza, beating on the door and clamoring for admission and speech with the inmates. Very soon, in reply, an upper window was raised behind the planking, and the strong stern voice of old Jasper Byrne demanded the cause of the tumult.

"Give us some whisky!" "Let us in!" "Haul down that —— —— flag!" These and more confused outcries were the answers of the crowd in front of the house, while the men immediately below continued their clamor.

"Go to him who sent you hither, the father of all evil!" said the Kentuckian; "not one of ye shall set foot over my threshold while I have power to prevent it, pack of rebels that ye are!"

"Beat down the door!" "Set fire to the house!" And the blows of musket-butts began to rain on the portal, mingled with execrations and bloody threats. Dan Byrne meanwhile strove furiously with those about him; but his struggles were useless, his voice unheard amidst the uproar.

"Hear me once more," his uncle shouted; and the tumult slackened, the besiegers probably anticipating some capitulation involving compliance with their demands. "You have murdered my boy, now clear out before I am tempted to revenge his death upon ye!"

Almost as he spoke a pistol-shot was fired at him, followed by the irregular explosion of half a dozen muskets in the same direction. The sharp crack of a rifle answered this—another—and two of the foremost of the cluster in front fell to the ground, mortally wounded.

Then uprose a wild shout of rage and desire for vengeance, scarcely uttered before two simultaneous and equally fatal discharges sent their leaden messengers of death through the heart or brain of others; and scatter as their comrades might, in temporary panic from that group which afforded so certain an aim to the practiced marksmen within, yet a fifth and a sixth victim was added to the list before they gained cover in which to gnash their teeth and concert measures of reprisal. Even there, wherever the gleam of a torch or lantern indicated their presence, so sure did a bullet follow them, not always unsuccessfully.

"We might drive 'em off," said Dave Brodnax, grim with smoke and gunpowder, yet with the light of battle illuminating his rough features, "if it weren't for the villains below; they'll be up to mischief before long, I reckon. S'pose we go down and give 'em a shot or two by way of a scare?"

Jasper Byrne assented. "They're creeping round among the thickets, I know by their silence," said he, after a glance outward; "we shall have 'em trying the door and windows directly. What's that?" He paused abruptly in his speech and listened as to a distant sound.

"Only the rain," suggested Brodnax, whose sense of hearing was not so acute as that of his companions. The storm had increased and the rain now descended in torrents.

"I wish that was all," answered Byrne; "*that's* on our side, but I reckon those who are coming won't be so. Do you hear any thing, girl?"

"I hear a sound in the distance, but can not distinguish what it is," Harry replied. Steadfast and resolute as the two men, she had kept her word in loading their rifles for them throughout the attack, not even blenching when a chance bullet cut its way between the stout oak planks and through her black fell of hair—the only shot which had penetrated the apartment.

"It's horses and men coming this way," pronounced her father; "we shall soon know what for. Harry, you're dressed and ready, if we have to run for it? Now, Dave, down stairs with you, and let's at 'em agin!" And, bearing the arms and ammunition, the three noiselessly descended the staircase.

The sound of voices heard through the wind and rain on the other side of the door at once confirmed Jasper Byrne's suspicions. The besiegers had reinforced the party sheltered by the piazza, and while some explored the sides and rear of the premises, in the hope of effecting an entrance, the majority were audibly engaged in tearing up the adjacent rails and planking and piling it against the door, evidently with the intention of setting it on fire, for without such appliances the dampened wood-work had refused to ignite.

Just as the inmates of the house stood listening to the devilish intentions avowed within a few feet of them, the accents changed into surprise and indignation, a sudden fall was heard, as of a man stricken to the ground, followed by the kicking asunder of the materials of the intended bonfire, and Dan Byrne's voice, crying,

"You shall kill me first! Come on, all of you, cowards that you are, and see if I can't use this bowie to some effect, maimed as I am! Come on, I say!"

A storm of invectives, of threats, and orders to stand aside answered the challenge. "Not while I live!" the young Kentuckian rejoined, in tones well-nigh as savage as those about him. His uncle looked anxiously, first into the face of his old comrade, then at his daughter.

"They'll butcher the lad in five minutes, the blood-thirsty hounds! They will, I know, unless we help him. He brought it on us; but he knew no better, and he's gwine to die for us. Dave! Dave! what shall I do? Think of Harry, if they prove too many for us!"

"Open the door, father!" the girl replied; "save Dan if you can! We're in God's hands, and in Him lies our safety!" And, intent on her cousin's rescue, she rushed to the door and began undoing its fastenings.

Jasper Byrne laid his hand on her arm. "Leave it to us," said he. "Do you go up stairs. Wait and see what happens; and if the time comes, and there's nothing left for it, mind my last word and *fly*—you know how."

Snatching up a gun, the girl obeyed him without a word. Then with bowie-knives between their teeth, and revolvers in hand, the two old soldiers unshot the fastenings of the door.

They were just in time. The Tennesseeans, infuriated by the opposition of their late comrade, had attacked and beaten him to his knee, in which position he still defended himself desperately, having already slain one and wounded two men. As the door opened—which it did so suddenly as to be entirely unanticipated by the besiegers—a cry was raised to brain him, to trample him to death. Quick as the utterance he was snatched from beneath the uplifted musket-butts and dragged into the house by the strong arm of his uncle, while Brodnax attempted, but in vain, to close and refasten the door. The lumber piled against it had fallen inward.

With yells of rage and exultation the Tennesseeans rushed forward to improve their fancied opportunity. They were met by so deadly and rapid a discharge of revolvers that seven of their number bit the dust, and the rest wavered and might have recoiled but for those in the rear pressing on them. So on they came tumultuously, thirsting for blood and howling like so many fiends. Then the portal and passage became the scene of a conflict I want words to do justice to.

Steadfastly, sternly, and desperately, fighting inch by inch, did the three Kentuckians—for Dan Byrne soon sprang to his feet and repaid his deliverance by as effectual use of sword and pistol as ever one-armed man achieved—contest the ground, rendered slippery with the blood of the fallen. The narrow passage was sulphureous with smoke, resonant with oath and death-shriek, ghastly with human suffering. Inch by inch the brave defenders of hearth and home are borne backward, wounded but undaunted, to the foot of the staircase, from the upper portion of which has more than once come sudden destruction to the enemy in the shape of a musket-shot. The three are overmatched by numbers, and fight apparently with no hope but that of selling their lives as dearly as possible—

When a tumult arises without, the tramp of horses' feet, cries of alarm, a volley of musket-shots, and, clear above the storm which has concealed the approach of the new-comers, a ringing cheer for the Union, blended with, "Down with the seceshers!" who find themselves suddenly attacked in the rear by the troop of loyal Kentuckians from which they had fled in defeat and disgrace only that morning.

* * * * * * *

It were needless to protract our story by the relation of the particulars of the conflict. It was short, sharp, and bloody, terminating in the capture of the majority of the rebels, the dispersion and flight of the remainder. When Captain Maurice Byrne returned from the pursuit, wiping his ensanguined sword upon his horse's mane, it was to congratulate those whom his timely arrival had rescued from death, and to embrace her whom he loved dearer than life itself, and, in due time, to receive at once the reward of his love and loyalty.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.

ON page 72 we publish, from a sketch by our Western correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot, a view of the departure from Cairo of the advance of the great Mississippi expedition, under General M'Clernand. The *World* correspondent writes:

> The expedition consists of a brigade, consisting of about 6000 men, under General M'Clernand, which was embarked on board transport steamers on Thursday and Friday, and ferried over to a point on the river seven miles below. It is called, from the name of an old Indian fort, Fort Jefferson, and is situated on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, at Mayfield creek, five miles below Fort Holt. Leaving the execrably muddy levee of Cairo on the fast little steamer, the *Rob Roy*, we followed the gun-boat *Lexington* on Saturday, and found the encampment at Fort Jefferson a very picturesque and convenient place, nearly opposite Norfolk. After noon guns were heard from the direction of Columbus, and Flag-Officer Foote, with Colonel Webster, proceeded immediately to the scene of probable action. Two of the gun-boats had escorted the transports to the rendezvous, and it was supposed some engagement was transpiring. The *Lexington* kept on beyond the encampment, and disappeared behind a point three miles below. After waiting for some hours the three gun-boats—*Essex*, *St. Louis*, *Lexington*, the transport *Aleck Scott*, and a small tug-boat—were seen coming up the river. The results of the expedition were soon made known. During the morning a rebel steamer had approached within sight of General M'Clernand's lines. Some of our pickets had discerned her approach and given the alarm. The gun-boats were at once cast off, but being rather slow, and a rising fog temporarily obscuring the rebel steamer, they could not overhaul her. The chase was continued to within two miles of Columbus, when the *Grampus* held up, with a view of enticing our boats under the guns of the batteries. Twenty or thirty shots were fired at her, but with uncertain effect. The gun-boats turned up stream, leaving the Confederates in their strong-hold. The smoke of our steamers might have been seen on the previous day from Columbus, and this reconnoissance was but a natural disposition on their part to discover what was the meaning of the movement down the river. The officers at Columbus had doubtless heard of the projected expedition to Nashville. This pushing down of troops five miles nearer their lines was enough to give them the cue for an advance.

A special dispatch to the Chicago *Times*, dated twelve miles from Columbus on the 16th, says an additional force, with General Grant and staff, left Cairo yesterday at 10 o'clock, and overtook M'Clernand's, Paine's, and Cook's columns during the afternoon.

The following order in relation to the expedition has been issued by General Grant:

> HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF CAIRO,
> CAIRO, *January* 13, 1862.
>
> GENERAL ORDER No. 3.
>
> During the absence of the expedition now starting, upon soil hitherto occupied almost solely by the rebel army, and when it is a fair inference that every stranger is our enemy, the following orders will be observed:
>
> Troops in marching will be kept in the ranks, company officers being held strictly accountable for all stragglers from their companies. No firing will be allowed in camp or on the march not strictly required in the performance of duty. While in camp, no permits will be granted to officers or soldiers to leave their regimental grounds, and all violations of this order must be promptly and summarily punished.
>
> Disrepute having been brought upon our brave soldiers by the bad conduct of some of their numbers (showing, on all occasions when marching through territory occupied by sympathizers with the enemy, a total disregard of rights of citizens, and being guilty of wanton destruction of private property), the general commanding desires and intends to enforce a change in this respect. Interpreting confiscating acts by troops themselves has a demoralizing effect, and weakens them in exact proportion to the demoralization, and makes open and armed enemies of the many who, from opposite treatment, would become friends, or at worst non-combatants. It is ordered that the severest punishment be inflicted upon every soldier who is guilty of taking or destroying private property, and any commissioned officer guilty of like conduct, or of countenancing it, shall be deprived of his sword and expelled from the camp, not to be permitted to return.
>
> On the march cavalry advance-guards will be well thrown out. Also flank-guards of cavalry or infantry. When practicable, a regular guard of infantry will be required to see that no teams, baggage, or disabled soldiers are left behind.
>
> It will be the duty of company commanders to see that rolls of their company are called immediately upon going into camp each day, and every member accounted for.
>
> By order, U. S. GRANT,
> Brigadier-General Commanding

THE "PENSACOLA" AT SEA.

ON page 76 we illustrate the STEAMER "PENSACOLA" PASSING THE REBEL BATTERIES on the Potomac on her way to sea. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the passage:

> Yesterday morning, 11th, the *Pensacola* left Alexandria at half past seven o'clock, and immediately proceeded down the river, escorted by the tug-boat *Pusey*. A large canal-boat, loaded with hay to protect her machinery, was fastened on the starboard side of the *Pensacola*. She had her top-gallant masts struck, so as to lighten her top hamper as much as possible, which deprived her masts of that beautiful symmetry usually exhibited by her tall and tapering spars, giving them a stumpy appearance. On arriving at Fairfax beach, below the White House, she came to an anchor, to await the time of her departure under cover of darkness.
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> * * * * * * *
>
> I accompanied Captain Grumley, of the *Stepping Stones*, on board the *Pensacola*. Every thing was prepared for the expected conflict; the deck was sanded, sponges, rammers, and handspikes provided, and upon the carriage of each gun were a ten-seconds shell and a stand of grape.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> At half past three o'clock we (on board the *Yankee*) were roused up by the officer of the deck, who ordered all hands to quarters, announcing that the *Pensacola* was coming down. There was no piping nor calling to quarters, as it would have been heard on the Virginia shore, but the men quietly turned out. Soon a black object was seen moving toward us. The sky was overcast with clouds, which obscured the moon and stars, and every thing was favorable for the business in hand. The *Pensacola* slowly neared us, and passed within a few feet of our starboard side. Captain Morris, hailing the *Yankee*, ordered a light to be hoisted. This was done on her only mast. A colored light being run up within a few feet of the truck. All hands were now at quarters. The strictest silence was enjoined, and every thing was in readiness to weigh anchor, should that be necessary. The light served two purposes. It guided the *Pensacola* in taking her bearings, while it deceived the rebels, who no doubt took the *Yankee* for the *Pensacola;* and while the latter vessel was slowly stealing past the batteries at Cockpit Point they were awaiting her coming. A light is now seen gleaming from Cockpit Point. It is answered from below, and so on from Freestone Point and intermediate places. These are signal-lights announcing the approach of the *Pensacola*. The lights occasionally vanish, to be resumed with increasing brilliancy. It is now four o'clock, and not a shot has been fired. It is possible that the *Pensacola* will be allowed to pass unmolested, the rebels still deceived by our ruse. At length the cheat is discovered, but too late for the most formidable of the batteries at Cockpit Point, that facing Mattawoman Creek and up the river. Stump Neck is passed. There goes a flash, followed, after a few seconds, by the report of a rifled field-piece from the battery facing downward. It is a signal that the *Pensacola* has commenced to run the gauntlet. A long interval ensues, and we begin to think the batteries lower down will not fire. Another flash is seen, and after another long interval it is followed by three more in rapid succession from the direction of Shipping Point. The *Pensacola* returns the fire, for a bright flash is seen from the river, revealing the dark hull and rigging of the gallant vessel; or can it be that a shell from the enemy has struck her and exploded? A light is seen below the batteries; it is from the *Freeborn*, as a beacon to the *Pensacola*. The firing continues but slowly. There is a want of vigor on the part of the rebels unusual with them. Battery after battery opens, throwing their shells at long intervals, but the *Pensacola* does not reply. Seventeen rounds are fired, when a more vivid gleam of yellow flame than any seen before issues from Shipping Point. It is soon followed by a stunning roar. It is the enemy's biggest gun. A long interval of silence is succeeded by one more shot. It is now five minutes to five o'clock. The *Pensacola* has passed safely.

The secret of the escape of the *Pensacola* is thus revealed in a letter from one of her officers to the *Herald:*

> The first shot and shell flew through the rigging and around the lower mast-heads and lower yards. Observing this, we knew that the hull of the good ship was safe; for unless we fired the elevation of the enemy's guns could not be rectified. It was a severe trial for officers and men to stand with guns trained upon their assailants and not deliver a reply. There never was a ship in better trim for a conflict, and never were men readier or better trained for a fight, or more deliberately governed by officers. We all knew that Government did not wish the ship to be crippled in the Potomac at any price, and we felt that she must be reserved for a battle-ground where no shell would be thrown away in darkness.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION AT FORT MONROE.

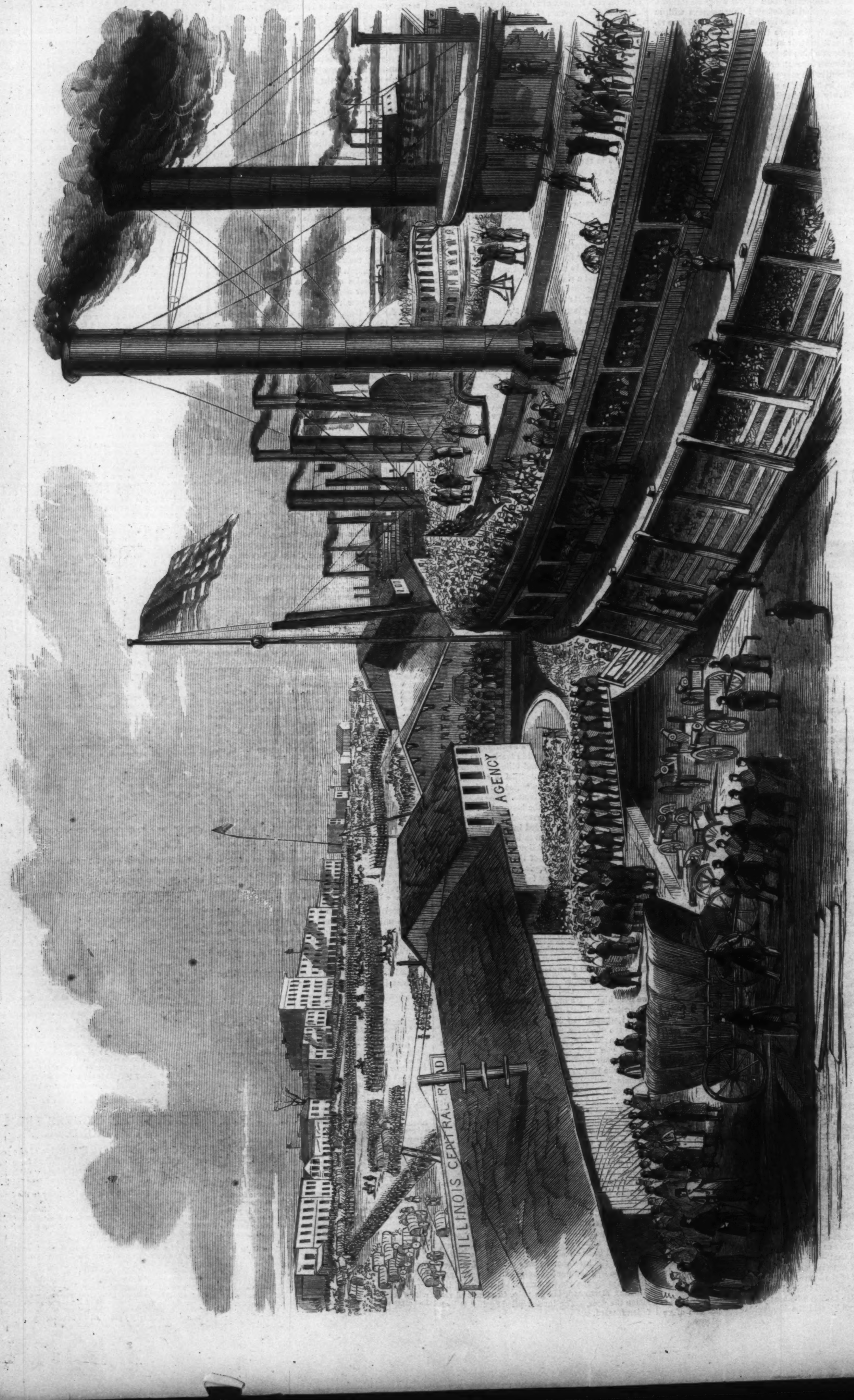
WE illustrate on page 76 THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION as it appeared off Fort Monroe on the eve of its departure. The *Herald* correspondent said:

> Hampton Roads has only witnessed one such spectacle as the one presented at present, and that was during the latter portion of October, when General Sherman's Port Royal armada congregated here. The scene presented by the numerous vessels composing this expedition is very animating. During the evening of yesterday all the vessels were illuminated, and the music of the numerous bands with the regiments on the vessels was soul-stirring in the extreme. The calm, placid water and the bright silvery moon added additional splendor to the occasion.
>
> Long after retreat was beaten did the soldiers of the Tenth Regiment New York Volunteers line the ramparts, and cheer upon cheer resounded through the "stilly night." A sail in the harbor under such auspices, on a bright moonlight night, with the thermometer at sixty degrees, is a pleasure which can not very conveniently be indulged in north of "Dixie's land."
>
> Our neighbors, the rebels, are of course on the *qui vive*, and it must have been galling to them to listen to the delightful strains of Gilmore's and other bands that are constantly performing national airs on board of the vessels. The sound of the music is heard at Sewell's Point as plainly as it is at the fort, and already has a rebel flag of truce come up on a flimsy pretext to spy out the strength of the expedition, etc.

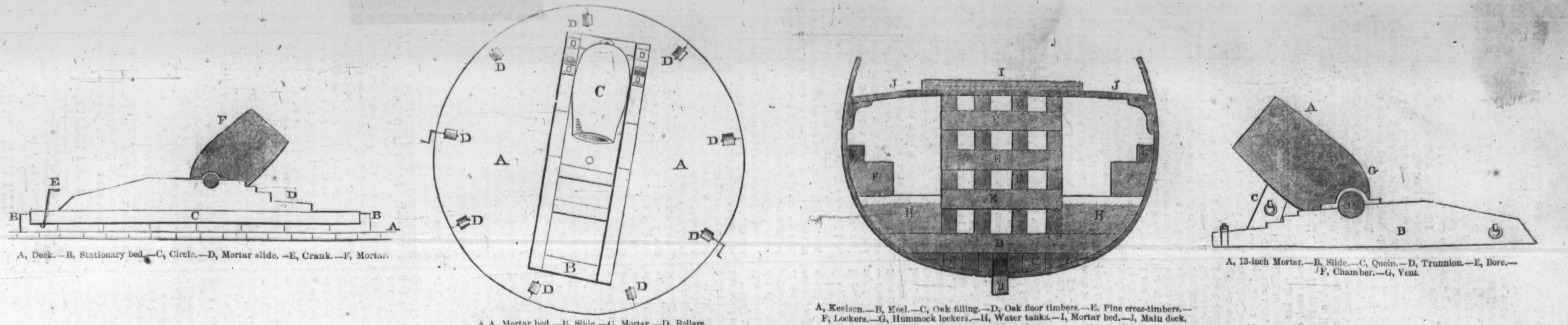
RETURNED PRISONERS FROM RICHMOND.

WE devote page 77 to an illustration of the reception of some Federal prisoners (who had been released by the rebels) in the camp of their division at Washington. The *Herald* correspondent said:

> The returned Bull Run prisoners belonging to the New York 31st regiment, numbering thirty-two, visited their regiment, which is attached to General Franklin's division, and met with a cordial reception from their officers and companions in arms. The poor fellows are staying in quarters here, and have not yet received their pay or a furlough, and were invited to visit their comrades and partake of a bountiful feast. The scene was a touching one, as the men who have languished five months in the rebel prison grasped the hands of their more fortunate fellow-soldiers, and were welcomed home. Many of the officers of the division were present, and in the speeches made on the happy occasion allusions were made in a feeling manner to the sufferings of those who endured captivity, and to the memory of those of the regiment who died in their country's cause. The comfort of the returned prisoners will be amply provided for in the camp.


ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CENTRAL AGENCY

EMBARKATION OF GENERAL M'CLERNAND'S BRIGADE AT CAIRO—THE ADVANCE OF THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION—JANUARY 10, 1862.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 71.]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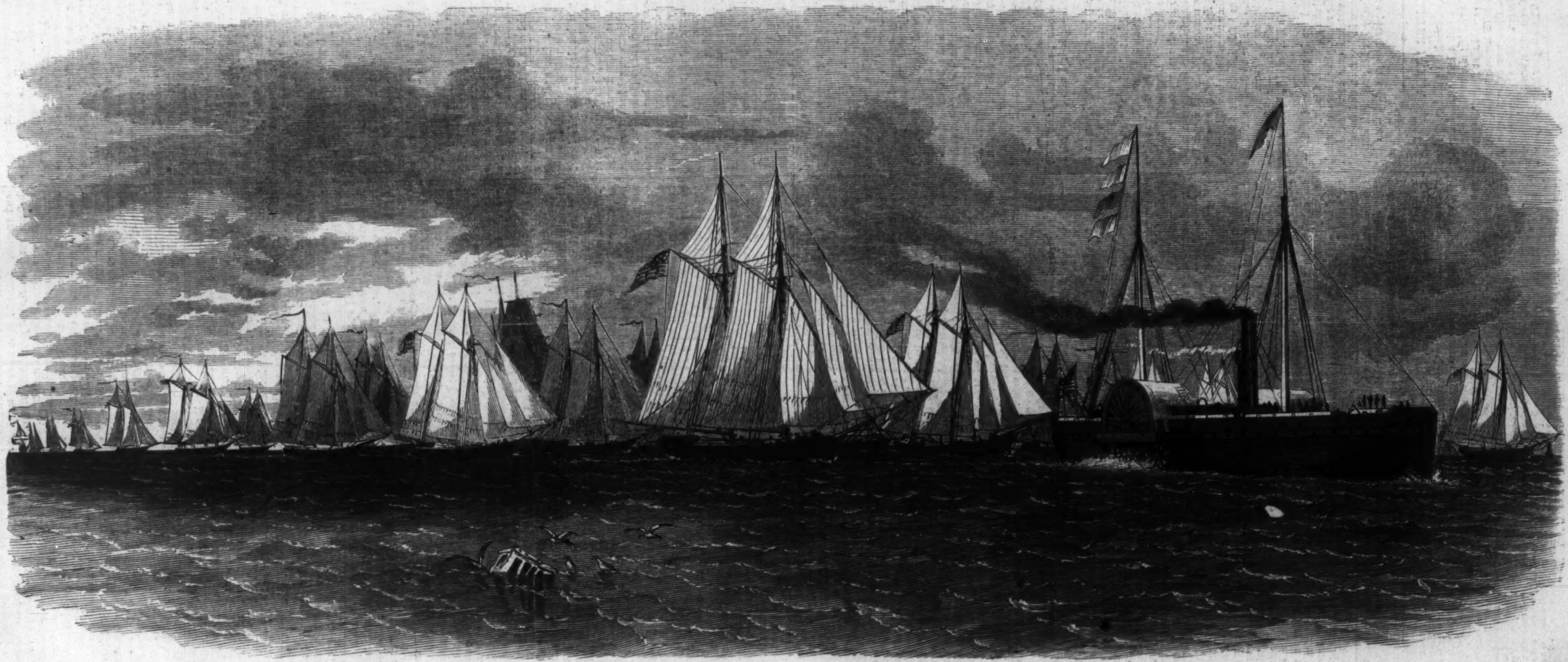
A, Deck.—B, Stationary bed.—C, Circle.—D, Mortar slide.—E, Crank.—F, Mortar.

A A, Mortar bed.—B, Slide.—C, Mortar.—D, Rollers.

A, Keelson.—B, Keel.—C, Oak filling.—D, Oak floor timbers.—E. Pine cross-timbers.—F, Lockers.—G, Hummock lockers.—H, Water tanks.—I, Mortar bed.—J, Main deck.

A, 13-inch Mortar.—B, Slide.—C, Quoin.—D, Trunnion.—E, Bore.—F, Chamber.—G, Vent.

SECTIONS OF MORTARS, MORTAR BEDS, AND SUPPORTS.


Westfield.
Para.
A. Hugel.
W. Bacon.
O. H. Lee.
C. P. Williams.
Henry Jones.
George Mangham.
Racer.
Horace Beals.
Sarah Buen.
S. Rotan.
J. Griffith.
R. Seaman.
M. J. Carlton.
S. C. Jones.
T. A. Ward.
Sea Foam.
M. A. Wood.
Octorara, Commander Porter's Flag-ship.
M. Vassar, Jun.

COMMANDER PORTER'S MORTAR FLOTILLA.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LXXII.

I TURNED back alone. The sun was reddening the summits of the distant mountain range, but dark clouds, that portended rain, were gathering behind my way and deepening the shadows in many a chasm and hollow which volcanic fires had wrought on the surface of uplands undulating like diluvian billows fixed into stone in the midst of their stormy swell. I wandered on, and away from the beaten track, absorbed in thought. Could I acknowledge in Julius Faber's conjectures any bases for logical ratiocination? or were they not the ingenious fancies of that empirical Philosophy of Sentiment by which the aged, in the decline of severer faculties, sometimes assimilate their theories to the hazy romance of youth? I can well conceive that the story I tell will be regarded by most as a wild and fantastic fable; that by some it may be considered a vehicle for guesses at various riddles of Nature, without or within us, which are free to the license of romance, though forbidden to the caution of science. But I—I—know unmistakably my own identity, my own positive place in a substantial universe. And beyond that knowledge what do I know? Yet was not Faber so far right in his startling parallels, that my favorite Hume, on whose skepticism I had built my whole philosophical system, and by whose reasonings I had drilled all the raw early ideas which my youth had enlisted for bold conquests of truth, did, in fact, resolve my identity, the one conscious indivisible ME, into a bundle of memories derived from the senses, and reduced into a phantom, as spectral as that of the Luminous Shadow, the whole solid frame of creation?

While pondering these questions, the storm, whose forewarnings I had neglected to heed, burst forth with all the suddenness peculiar to the Australian climes. The rains descended like the rushing of floods. In the beds of water-courses, which at noon seemed dried up and exhausted, the torrents began to swell and to rave; the gray crags around them were animated into living waterfalls. I looked round, and the landscape was as changed as a scene that replaces a scene on the player's stage. I was aware that I had wandered far from my home, and I knew not what direction I should take to regain it. Close at hand, and raised above the torrents that now rushed in many a gully and tributary creek around and before me, the mouth of a deep cave, overgrown with bushes and creeping flowers tossed wildly to and fro between the rain from above and the spray of cascades below, offered a shelter from the storm. I entered, scaring innumerable flocks of bats striking against me, blinded by the glare of the lightning that followed me into the cavern, and hastening to resettle themselves on the pendents of stalactites, or the jagged buttresses of primeval wall.

From time to time the lightning darted into the gloom and lingered among its shadows, and I saw, by the flash, that the floors on which I stood were strewed with strange bones, some among them the fossilized relics of races destroyed by the Deluge. The rain continued for more than two hours with unabated violence; then it ceased almost as suddenly as it had come on. And the lustrous moon of Australia burst from the clouds, shining, bright as an English dawn, into the hollows of the cave. And then simultaneously arose all the choral songs of the wilderness—creatures whose voices are heard at night, the loud whirr of the locusts, the musical boom of the bull-frog, the cuckoo note of the morepork, and, mournful amidst all those merrier sounds, the hoot of the owl, through the wizard she oaks and the pale green of the gum-trees.

I stepped forth into the open air and gazed, first instinctively on the heavens, next, with more heedful eye, upon the earth. The nature of the soil bore the evidence of volcanic fires long since extinguished. Just before my feet the rays fell full upon a bright yellow streak in the midst of a block of quartz, half-embedded in the soft, moist soil. In the midst of all the solemn thoughts and the intense sorrows which weighed upon heart and mind, that yellow gleam startled the mind into a direction remote from philosophy, quickened the heart to a beat that chimed with no household affections. Involuntarily I stooped; impulsively I struck the block with the hatchet, or tomahawk, I carried habitually about me, for the purpose of marking the trees that I wished to clear from the waste of my broad domain. The quartz was shattered by the stroke, and left disburied its glittering treasure. My first glance had not deceived me. I, vain seeker after knowledge, had at least discovered gold. I took up the bright metal—gold! I paused; I looked round; the land that just before had seemed to me so worthless took the value of Ophir. Its features had before been as unknown to me as the Mountains of the Moon, and now my memory became wonderfully quickened. I recalled the rough map of my possessions, the first careless ride round their boundaries. Yes, the land on which I stood—for miles, to the spur of those farther mountains—the land was mine, and beneath its surface there was gold! I closed my eyes; for some moments visions of boundless wealth, and of the royal power which such wealth could command, swept athwart my brain. But my heart rapidly settled back to its real treasure. "What matters," I sighed, "all this dross? Could Ophir itself buy back to my Lilian's smile one ray of the light which gave 'glory to the grass and splendor to the flower?'"

So muttering, I flung the gold into the torrent that raged below, and went on through the moonlight, sorrowing silently; only thankful for the discovery that had quickened my reminiscence of the landmarks by which to steer my way through the wilderness.

The night was half gone, for even when I had gained the familiar track through the pastures the swell of the many winding creeks that now intersected the way obliged me often to retrace my steps; to find, sometimes, the bridge of a felled tree which had been providently left unremoved over the now foaming torrent, and, more than once, to swim across the current, in which swimmers less strong or less practiced would have been dashed down the falls, where loose logs and torn trees went clattering and whirled: for I was in danger of life. A band of the savage natives were stealthily creeping on my track—the natives in those parts were not then so much awed by the white man as now. A boomerang[*] had whirred by me, burying itself among the herbage close before my feet. I had turned, sought to find and to face these dastardly foes; they contrived to elude me. But when I moved on, my ear, sharpened by danger, heard them moving too in my rear. Once only three hideous forms suddenly faced me, springing up from a thicket, all tangled with honey-suckles and creepers of blue and vermilion. I walked steadily up to them; they halted a moment or so in suspense, but perhaps they were scared by my stature or awed by my aspect; and the Unfamiliar, though Human, had terror for them, as the Unfamiliar, although but a Shadow, had had terror for me. They vanished, and as quickly as if they had crept into the earth.

At length the air brought me the soft perfume of my well-known acacias, and my house rose before me, amidst English flowers and English fruit-trees, under the effulgent Australian moon. Just as I was opening the little gate which gave access from the pasture-land into the garden, a figure in white rose up from under light feathery boughs, and a hand was laid on my arm. I started; but my surprise was changed into fear when I saw the pale face and sweet eyes of Lilian.

"Heavens! you here! you! at this hour! Lilian, what is this?"

"Hush!" she whispered, clinging to me; "hush! do not tell; no one knows. I missed you when the storm came on; I have missed you ever since. Others went in search of you and came back. I could not sleep, but the rest are sleeping, so I stole down to watch for you. Brother, brother, if any harm chanced to you, even the angels could not comfort me; all would be dark, dark! But you are safe, safe, safe!" And she clung to me yet closer.

"Ah, Lilian, Lilian, your vision in the hour I first beheld you was indeed prophetic—'Each has need of the other.' Do you remember?"

"Softly, softly," she said, "let me think!" She stood quietly by my side, looking up into the sky, with all its numberless stars, and its solitary moon now sinking slow behind the verge of the forest. "It comes back to me," she murmured, softly—"the Long ago—the sweet Long ago!"

I held my breath to listen.

"There—there!" she resumed, pointing to the heavens; "do you see? You are there, and my father, and—and— Oh, that terrible face—those serpent eyes—the dead man's skull! Save me—save me!"

She bowed her head upon my bosom, and I led her gently back toward the house. As we gained the door which she had left open, the starlight shining across the shadowy gloom within, she lifted her face from my breast and cast a hurried, fearful look round the shining garden, then into the dim recess beyond the threshold.

"It is there—there!—the Shadow that lured me on, whispering that if I followed it I should join my beloved. False, dreadful Shadow! it will fade soon; fade into the grinning, horrible skull. Brother, brother, where is my Allen? Is he dead—dead—or is it I who am dead to him?"

I could but clasp her again to my breast, and seek to mantle her shivering form with my dripping garments, all the while my eyes, following the direction which hers had taken, dwelt on the walls of the nook within the threshold, half lost in darkness, half white in starlight. And there I too beheld the haunting Luminous Shadow, the spectral effigies of the mysterious being whose very existence in the flesh was a riddle unsolved by my reason. Distinctly I saw the Shadow, but its light was far paler, its outline far more vague, than when I had beheld it before. I took courage as I felt Lilian's heart beating against my own. I advanced—I crossed the threshold—the Shadow was gone.

"There is no Shadow here—no phantom to daunt thee, my life's life," said I, bending over Lilian.

"It has touched me in passing; I feel it—cold, cold, cold!" she answered, faintly.

I bore her to her room, placed her on her bed, struck a light, watched over her. At dawn there was a change in her face, and from that time health gradually left her; strength slowly, slowly, yet to me perceptibly, ebbed from her life away.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MONTHS upon months have rolled away since the night in which Lilian had watched for my coming amidst the chilling airs under the haunting moon. I have said that from the date of that night her health began gradually to fail, but in her mind there was evidently at work some slow revolution. Her visionary abstractions were less frequent; when they occurred, less prolonged. There was no longer in her soft face that celestial serenity which spoke her content in her dreams; but often a look of anxiety and trouble. She was even more silent than before; but when she did speak there were now evident some struggling gleams of memory. She startled us at times by a distinct allusion to the events and scenes of her early childhood. More than once she spoke of commonplace incidents and mere acquaintances at L——. At last she seemed to recognize Mrs. Ashleigh as her mother; but me, as Allen Fenwick, her betrothed, her bridegroom, no! Once or twice she spoke to me of her beloved as of a stranger to myself, and asked me not to deceive her—should she ever see him again? There was one change in this new phase of her state that wounded me to the quick. She had always previously seemed to welcome my presence; now there were hours, sometimes days together, in which my presence was evidently painful to her. She would become agitated when I stole into her room—make signs to me to leave her—grow yet more disturbed if I did not immediately obey, and become calm again when I was gone.

Faber sought constantly to sustain my courage and administer to my hopes by reminding me of the prediction he had hazarded—viz., that through some malady to the frame the reason would be ultimately restored.

He said, "Observe! her mind was first roused from its slumber by the affectionate, unconquered impulse of her heart. You were absent—the storm alarmed her—she missed you—feared for you. The love within her, not alienated, though latent, drew her thoughts into definite human tracks. And thus the words that you tell me she uttered when you appeared before her were words of love, stricken, though as yet irregularly, as the winds strike the harp-strings, from chords of awakened memory. The same unwonted excitement, together with lengthened exposure to the cold night air, will account for the shock to her physical system, and the languor and waste of strength by which it has been succeeded."

"Ay, and the Shadow that we *both* saw within the threshold. What of that?"

"Are there no records on evidence, which most physicians of very extended practice will perhaps allow that their experience more or less tends to confirm—no records of the singular coincidences between individual impressions which are produced by sympathy? Now, whether you or your Lilian were first haunted by this Shadow I know not. Perhaps before it appeared to you in the wizard's chamber it had appeared to her by the Monks' Well. Perhaps as it came to you in the prison so it lured her through the solitudes, associating its illusory guidance with dreams of you. And again, when she saw it within your threshold, your phantasy, so abruptly invoked, made you see with the eyes of your Lilian! Does this doctrine of sympathy, though by that very mystery you two loved each other at first—though, without it, love at first sight were in itself an incredible miracle—does, I say, this doctrine of sympathy seem to you inadmissible? Then nothing is left for us but to revolve the conjecture I before threw out? Have certain organizations like that of Margrave the power to impress, through space, the imaginations of those over whom they have forced a control? I know not. But if they have, it is not supernatural; it is but one of those operations in Nature so rare and exceptional, and of which testimony and evidence are so imperfect and so liable to superstitious illusions, that they have not yet been traced; as, if truthful, no doubt they can be, by the patient genius of science, to one of those secondary causes by which the Creator ordains that Nature shall act on Man."

By degrees I became dissatisfied with my conversations with Faber. I yearned for explanations; all guesses but bewildered me more. In his family, with one exception, I found no congenial association. His nephew seemed to me an ordinary specimen of a very trite human nature—a young man of limited ideas, fair moral tendencies, going mechanically right where not tempted to wrong. The same desire of gain which had urged him to gamble and speculate when thrown in societies rife with such example, led him, now in the Bush, to healthful, industrious, persevering labor. *Spes fovet agricolas*, says the poet; the same Hope which entices the fish to the hook impels the plow of the husbandman. The young farmer's young wife was somewhat superior to him; she had more refinement of taste, more culture of mind, but, living in his life, she was inevitably leveled to his ends and pursuits. And, next to the babe in the cradle, no object seemed to her so important as that of guarding the sheep from the scab and the dingoes. I was amazed to see how quietly a man whose mind was so stored by life and by books as that of Julius Faber—a man who had loved the clash of conflicting intellects, and acquired the rewards of fame—could accommodate himself to the cabined range of his kinsfolks' half civilized existence, take interest in their trivial talk, find varying excitement in the monotonous household of a peasant-like farmer. I could not help saying as much to him once. "My friend," replied the old man, "believe me, that the happiest art of intellect, however lofty, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home with the Real!"

The only one of the family in which Faber was domesticated in whom I found an interest, to whose talk I could listen without fatigue, was the child Amy. Simple though she was in language, patient of labor as the most laborious, I recognized in her a quiet nobleness of sentiment which exalted above the commonplace the acts of her commonplace life. She had no precocious intellect, no enthusiastic fancies, but she had an exquisite activity of heart. It was her heart that animated her sense of duty, and made duty a sweetness and a joy. She felt to the core the kindness of those around her; exaggerated, with the warmth of her gratitude, the claims which that kindness imposed. Even for the blessing of life, which she shared with all creation, she felt as if singled out by the undeserved favor of the Creator, and thus was filled with religion because she was filled with love.

My interest in this child was increased and deepened by my saddened and not wholly unremorseful remembrance of the night on which her sobs had pierced my ear—the night from which I secretly dated the mysterious agencies that had wrenched from their proper field and career both my mind and my life. But a gentler interest endeared her to my thoughts in the pleasure that Lilian felt in her visits, in the affectionate intercourse that sprang up between the afflicted sufferer and the harmless infant. Often, when we failed to comprehend some meaning which Lilian evidently wished to convey to us—*we*, her mother and her husband—she was understood with as much ease by Amy, the unlettered child, as by Faber, the gray-haired thinker.

"How is it—how is it?" I asked, impatiently and jealously, of Faber. "Love is said to interpret where wisdom fails, and you yourself talk of the marvels which sympathy may effect between lover and beloved; yet when, for days together, I can not succeed in unraveling Lilian's wish or her thought—and her own mother is equally in fault—you or Amy, closeted alone with her for five minutes, comprehend and are comprehended?"

"Allen," answered Faber, "Amy and I believe in spirit, and she, in whom mind is dormant but spirit awake, feels in that belief a sympathy which she has not, in that respect, with yourself nor even with her mother. You seek only through your mind to conjecture hers. Her mother has sense clear enough where habitual experience can guide it, but that sense is confused and forsakes her when forced from the regular pathway in which it has been accustomed to tread. Amy and I through soul guess at soul, and though mostly contented with earth, we can both rise at times into heaven. We pray."

"Alas!" said I, half mournfully, half angrily, "when you thus speak of Mind as distinct from Soul, it was only in that Vision which you bid me regard as the illusion of a fancy stimulated by chemical vapors, producing on the brain an effect similar to that of opium, or the inhalation of the oxide gas, that I have ever seen the silver spark of the Soul distinct from the light of the Mind. And holding, as I do, that all intellectual ideas are derived from the experiences of the body, whether I accept the theory of Locke or that of Condillac, or that into which their propositions are carried to their strict logical results by the wonderful subtlety of Hume, I can not detect the immaterial spirit in the material substance, much less follow its escape from the organic matter in which the principle of thought ceases with the principle of life. When the metaphysician, contending for the immortality of the thinking faculty, analyzes Mind, his analysis comprehends the mind of the brute, nay, of the insect, as well as that of man. Take Reid's definition of Mind, as the most comprehensive which I can at the moment remember: 'By the mind of a man we understand that in him which thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills.' But this definition only distinguishes the Mind of man from that of the brute by superiority in the same attributes, and not by attributes denied to the brute. An animal, even an insect, thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills.[*] Few naturalists will now support the doctrine that all the mental operations of brute or insect are to be exclusively referred to instincts; and even if they do, the word instinct is a very vague word—loose and large enough to cover an abyss which our knowledge has not sounded. And, indeed, in proportion as an animal, like the dog, becomes cultivated by intercourse, his instincts become weaker, and his ideas, formed by experience (viz., his mind), more developed, often to the conquest of the instincts themselves. Hence, with his usual candor, Dr. Abercrombie, in contending 'that every thing mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that every thing corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry'—feels compelled, by his reasoning, to admit the probability of a future life even to the lower animals. His words are: 'To this mode of reasoning it has been objected that it would go to establish an immaterial principle in the lower animals, which in them exhibits many of the phenomena of mind. I have only to answer, be it so. There are in the lower animals many of the phenomena of mind, and with regard to these we also contend that they are entirely distinct from any thing we know of the properties of matter, which is all that we mean, or can mean, by being immaterial.'[†] Am I then driven to admit that if man's mind is immaterial and imperishable, so also is that of the ape and the ant?"

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[*] A missile weapon peculiar to the Australian savages.

[*] "Are intelligence and instinct, thus differing in their relative proportion in man as compared with all other animals, yet the same in kind and manner of operation in both? To this question we must give at once an affirmative answer. The expression of Cuvier, regarding the faculty of reasoning in lower animals, 'Leur intelligence exécute des opérations du méme genre,' is true in its full sense. We can in no manner define reason so as to exclude acts which are at every moment present to our observation, and which we find in many instances to contravene the natural instincts of the species. The demeanor and acts of the dog in reference to his master, or the various uses to which he is put by man, are as strictly logical as those we witness in the ordinary transactions of life."—(Sir Henry Holland, chapters on Mental Physiology, p. 220.) The whole of the chapter on instincts and habits in this work should be read in connection with this passage. The work itself, at once cautious and suggestive, is not one of the least obligations which philosophy and religion alike owe to the lucubrations of English medical men.

[†] Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers, p. 26. Fifteenth edition.

"I own," said Faber, with his peculiar smile, arch and genial, "that if I were compelled to make that admission, it would not shock my pride. I do not presume to set any limit to the goodness of the Creator; and should be as humbly pleased as the Indian, if in

'——yonder sky
My faithful dog should bear me company.'

To me, however, the distinction between man and the lower animals, in reference to a spiritual nature distinct from the mental, is very clear. Whether ideas or even perceptions be innate or all formed by experience is a speculation for metaphysicians, which, so far as affects the question of an immaterial principle, I am quite willing to lay aside. I can well understand that a materialist may admit innate ideas in Man, as he must admit them in the instinct of brutes, tracing them to hereditary predispositions. On the other hand, we know that the most devout believers in our spiritual nature have insisted, with Locke, in denying any idea, even of the Deity, to be innate.

"But here comes my argument. I care not how ideas are formed, the material point is how are the *capacities to receive ideas formed.* The ideas may all come from experience, but the capacity to receive the ideas must be inherent. I take the word capacity as a good plain English word, rather than the more technical word 'receptivity,' employed by Kant. And by capacity I mean the passive power[*] to receive ideas, whether in man or in any living thing by which ideas are received. A man and an elephant is each formed with capacities to receive ideas suited to the several places in the universe held by each.

"The more I look through nature the more I find that on all varieties of organized life is carefully bestowed the *capacity* to receive the impressions, be they called perceptions or ideas, which are adapted to the uses each creature is intended to derive from them. I find, then, that Man alone is endowed with the capacity to receive the ideas of a God, of Soul, of Worship, of a Hereafter. I see no trace of such a capacity in the inferior races; nor, however their intelligence may be refined by culture, is such capacity ever apparent in them.

"But wherever capacities to receive impressions are sufficiently general in any given species of creature, to be called universal to that species, and yet not given to another species, then, from all analogy throughout Nature, those capacities are surely designed by Providence for the distinct use and conservation of the species to which they are given.

"It is no answer to me to say that the inherent capacities thus bestowed on Man do not suffice in themselves to make him form right notions of a Deity or a Hereafter; because it is plainly the design of Providence that Man must learn to correct and improve all his notions by his own study and observation. He must build a hut before he can build a Parthenon; he must believe with the savage or the heathen before he can believe with the philosopher or Christian. In a word, in all his capacities, Man has only given him, not the immediate knowledge of the Perfect, but the means to strive toward the Perfect. And thus one of the most accomplished of modern reasoners, to whose lectures you must have listened with delight in your college days, says well: 'Accordingly, the sciences always studied with keenest interest are those in a state of progress and uncertainty; absolute certainty and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study, and the last worst calamity that could befall Man, as he is at present constituted, would be that full and final possession of speculative truth which he now vainly anticipates as the consummation of his intellectual happiness.'[†]

"Well, then, in all those capacities for the reception of impressions from external Nature, which are given to Man and not to the brutes, I see the evidence of Man's Soul. I can understand why the inferior animal has no capacity to receive the idea of a Deity and of Worship—simply because the inferior animal, even if graciously admitted to a future life, may not therein preserve the sense of its identity. I can understand even why that sympathy with each other that we men possess, and which constitutes the great virtue we emphatically call Humanity, is not possessed by the lesser animals (or, at least, in a very rare and exceptional degree), even where they live in communities like beavers, or bees, or ants; because men are destined to meet, to know, and to love each other in the life to come, and the bond between the brutes ceases here.

"Now the more, then, we examine the inherent capacities bestowed distinctly and solely on Man, the more they seem to distinguish him from the other races by their comprehension of objects beyond his life upon this earth. 'Man alone,' says Müller,[‡] 'can conceive abstract notions:' and it is in abstract notions—such as time, space, matter, spirit, light, form, quantity, essence—that Man grounds not only all philosophy, all science, but all that practically improves one generation for the benefit of the next. And why? Because all these abstract notions unconsciously lead the mind away from the material into the immaterial; from the present into the future. But if Man ceases to exist when he disappears in the grave, you must be compelled to say that he is the only creature in existence whom Nature or Providence has condescended to deceive and cheat by capacities for which there are no available objects. How nobly and how truly has Chalmers said: 'What inference shall we draw from this remarkable law in Nature that there is nothing waste and nothing meaningless in the feelings and faculties wherewith living creatures are endowed? For each desire there is a counterpart object; for each faculty there is room and opportunity for exercise either in the present or in the coming futurity. Now, but for the doctrine of immortality, Man would be an exception to this law—he would stand forth as an anomaly in Nature, with aspirations in his heart for which the universe had no antitype to offer, with capacities of understanding and thought that never were to be followed by objects of corresponding greatness through the whole history of his being!

* * * * * *

"'With the inferior animals there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its correspondent gratification. The one is evenly met by the other, and there is a fullness and definiteness of enjoyment up to the capacity of enjoyment. Not so with Man, who, both from the vastness of his propensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself chained and beset in a field too narrow for him. He alone labors under the discomfort of an incongruity between his circumstances and his powers, and unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he, the noblest of Nature's products here, would turn out to be the greatest of her failures.'[*]

"This, then, I take to be the proof of Soul in Man, not that he has a mind—because, as you justly say, inferior animals have that, though in a lesser degree—but because he has the capacities to comprehend, as soon as he is capable of any abstract ideas whatsoever, the very truths not needed for self-conservation on earth, and therefore not given to yonder ox and opossum, viz.: the nature of Deity—Soul—Hereafter. And in the recognition of these truths the Human society that excels the society of beavers, bees, and ants by perpetual and progressive improvement on the notions inherited from its progenitors, rests its basis. Thus, in fact, this world is benefited for men by their belief in the next, while the society of brutes remains age after age the same. Neither the bee nor the beaver has, in all probability, improved since the Deluge.

"But inseparable from the conviction of these truths is the impulse of prayer and worship. It does not touch my argument when a philosopher of the school of Bolingbroke or Lucretius says 'that the origin of prayer is in Man's ignorance of the phenomena of Nature.' That it is fear or ignorance which, 'when rocked the mountains or when groaned the ground, taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,' my answer is—the brutes are much more forcibly impressed by natural phenomena than Man is; the bird and the beast know before you and I do when the mountain will rock and the ground groan, and their instinct leads them to shelter; but it does not lead them to prayer. If my theory be right that Soul is to be sought not in the question whether mental ideas be innate or formed by experience, by the senses, by association or habit, but in the *inherent capacity* to receive ideas—the capacity bestowed on Man alone, to be impressed by Nature herself with the idea of a Power superior to Nature, with which Power he can establish commune, is a proof that to Man alone the Maker has made Nature itself proclaim His existence—that to Man alone the Deity vouchsafes the communion with Himself which comes from prayer."

"Even were this so," said I, "is not the Creator omniscient? if all-wise, all-foreseeing? if all-foreseeing, all-preordaining? Can the prayer of His creature alter the ways of His will?"

"For an answer to that question," returned Faber, "which is so often asked by the clever men of the world, I ought to refer you to the skilled theologians who have so triumphantly carried the reasoner over that ford of doubt which is crossed every day by the infant. But as we have not their books in the wilderness, I am contented to draw my reply as a necessary and logical sequence from the propositions I have sought to ground in the plain observation of Nature. I can only guess at the Deity's Omniscience, or His modes of enforcing His power, by the observation of His general laws; and of all His laws, I know of none so general as the impulse which bids men pray—which makes Nature so act that all the phenomena of Nature we can conceive, however startling and inexperienced, do not make the brute pray; but there is not a trouble that can happen to Man but what his impulse is to pray—always provided, indeed, that he is not a philosopher. I say not this in scorn of the philosopher, to whose wildest guess our obligations are infinite, but simply because for all which is impulsive to Man, there is a reason in Nature which no philosophy can explain away. I do not, then, bewilder myself by seeking to bind and limit the Omniscience of the Deity to my finite ideas. I content myself with believing that, somehow or other, He has made it quite compatible with His Omniscience that Man should obey the impulse that leads him to believe that, in addressing a Deity, he is addressing a tender, compassionate, benignant Father, and in that obedience should obtain beneficial results. If that impulse be an illusion, then we must say that Heaven governs the earth by a lie; and that is impossible, because, reasoning by analogy, all Nature is truthful—that is, Nature gives to no species instincts or impulses which are not of service to it. Should I not be a shallow physician if, where I find in the human organization a principle or a property so general that I must believe it normal to the healthful conditions of that organization, I should refuse to admit that Nature intended it for use? Reasoning by all analogy, must I not say the habitual neglect of its use must more or less injure the harmonious well-being of the whole human system? I could have much to add upon the point in dispute, by which the creed implied in your question would inthrall the Divine mercy by the necessities of its divine wisdom, and substitute for a benignant Deity a relentless Fate. But here I should exceed my province. I am no theologian. Enough for me that in all affliction, all perplexity, an impulse that I obey as an instinct moves me at once to prayer. Do I find by experience that the prayer is heard, that the affliction is removed, the doubt is solved? That, indeed, would be presumptuous to say. But it is not presumptuous to think that by the efficacy of prayer my heart becomes more fortified against the sorrow, and my reason more serene amidst the doubt."

I listened, and ceased to argue. I felt as if in that solitude, and in the pause of my wonted mental occupations, my intellect was growing languid, and its old weapons rusting in disuse. My pride took alarm. I had so from my boyhood cherished the idea of fame, and so glorified the search after knowledge, that I recoiled in dismay from the thought that I had relinquished knowledge, and cut myself off from fame. I resolved to resume my once favorite philosophical pursuits, re-examine and complete the Work to which I had once committed my hopes of renown; and, simultaneously, a restless desire seized me to communicate, though but at brief intervals, with other minds than those immediately within my reach—minds fresh from the old world, and reviving the memories of its vivid civilization. Emigrants frequently passed my doors, but I had hitherto shrunk from tendering the hospitalities so universally accorded in the colony. I could not endure to expose to such rough strangers my Lilian's mournful affliction, and that thought was not less intolerable to Mrs. Ashleigh. I now hastily constructed a log building a few hundred yards from the house, and near the main track taken by travelers through the spacious pastures. I transported to this building my books and scientific instruments. In an upper story I placed my telescopes and lenses, my crucibles and retorts. I renewed my chemical experiments—I sought to invigorate my mind by other branches of science which I had hitherto less cultured—meditated new theories on Light and Color—collected specimens in Natural History—subjected animalcules to my microscope—geological fossils to my hammer. With all these quickened occupations of thought, I sought to distract myself from sorrow, and strengthen my reason against the illusions of my fantasy. The Luminous Shadow was not seen again on my wall, and the thought of Margrave himself was banished.

In this building I passed many hours of each day, more and more earnestly plunging my thoughts into the depths of abstract study, as Lilian's unaccountable dislike to my presence became more and more decided. When I thus ceased to think that my life cheered and comforted hers, my heart's occupation was gone. I had annexed to the apartment reserved for myself in this log-hut a couple of spare rooms, in which I could accommodate passing strangers. I learned to look forward to their coming with interest, and to see them depart with regret; yet, for the most part, they were of the ordinary class of colonial adventurers: bankrupt tradesmen, unlucky farmers, forlorn mechanics, hordes of unskilled laborers, now and then a briefless barrister, or a sporting collegian who had lost his all on the Derby. One day, however, a young man of education and manners that unmistakably proclaimed the cultured gentleman of Europe stopped at my door. He was a cadet, of a noble Prussian family, which for some political reasons had settled itself in Paris; there he had become intimate with young French nobles, and, living the life of a young French noble, had soon scandalized his German parents, forestalled his slender inheritance, and been compelled to fly his father's frown and his tailors' bills. All this he told me with a lively frankness which proved how much the wit of a German can be quickened in the atmosphere of Paris. An old college friend of birth inferior to his own had been as unfortunate in seeking to make money as this young prodigal had been an adept in spending it. The friend, a few years previously, had joined other Germans in a migration to Australia, and was already thriving; the spendthrift noble was on his way to join the bankrupt trader, at a German settlement fifty miles distant from my house. This young man was unlike any German I ever met. He had all the exquisite levity by which the well-bred Frenchman gives to the doctrines of the Cynic the grace of the Epicurean. He owned himself to be good for nothing with an elegance of candor which not only disarmed censure, but seemed to challenge admiration; and withal the happy spendthrift was so inebriate with hope—sure that he should be rich before he was thirty. How and wherefore rich?—he could have no more explained than I can square the circle. When the grand serious German nature does Frenchify itself, it can become so extravagantly French!

I listened, almost enviously, to this light-hearted profligate's babble as we sat by my rude fireside—I, sombre man of science and sorrow, he, smiling child of idlesse and pleasure, so much one of Nature's courtier-like nobles, that there, as he smoked his villainous pipe, in his dust-soiled shabby garments, and with his ruffianly revolver stuck into his belt, I would defy the daintiest Aristarch who ever presided as critic over the holiday world not to have said, "There sits the genius beyond my laws, the born darling of the Graces, who in every circumstance, in every age, like Aristippus, would have socially charmed—would have been welcome to the orgies of a Cæsar or a Clodius, to the boudoirs of a Montespan or a Pompadour—have lounged through the Mulberry Gardens with a Rochester and a Buckingham, or smiled from the death-cart with a Richelieu and a Lauzun—a gentleman's disdain of a mob!"

I was so thinking as we sat, his light talk frothing up from his careless lips, when suddenly from the spray and the sparkle of that light talk was flung forth the name of Margrave.

"Margrave!" I exclaimed. "Pardon me. What of him?"

"What of him! I asked if, by chance, you knew the only Englishman I ever had the meanness to envy?"

"Perhaps you speak of one person, and I thought of another."

"*Pardieu*, my dear host, there can scarcely be two Margraves! The one I mean flashed like a meteor upon Paris, bought from a prince of the Bourse a palace that might have lodged a prince of the blood royal, eclipsed our Jew bankers in splendor, our *jeunesse dorée* in good looks and hair-brain adventures, and, strangest of all, filled his *salons* with philosophers and charlatans, chemists and spirit-rappers; insulting the gravest dons of the schools by bringing them face to face with the most impudent quacks, the most ridiculous dreamers—and yet, withal, himself so racy and charming, so *bon prince*, so *bon enfant!* For six months he was the rage at Paris; perhaps he might have continued to be the rage there for six years, but all at once the meteor vanished as suddenly as it had flashed. Is this the Margrave whom you know?"

"I should not have thought the Margrave whom I knew could have reconciled his tastes to the life of cities."

"Nor could this man; cities were too tame for him. He has gone to some far-remote wilds in the East—some say in search of the Philosopher's stone—for he actually maintained in his house a Sicilian adventurer, who, when at work on that famous discovery, was stifled by the fumes of his own crucible. After that misfortune Margrave took Paris in disgust, and we lost him."

"So this is the only Englishman whom you envy! Envy him! Why?"

"Because he is the only Englishman I ever met who contrived to be rich and yet free from the spleen; I envied him because one had only to look at his face, and see how thoroughly he enjoyed the life of which your countrymen seem to be so heartily tired! But now that I have satisfied your curiosity, pray satisfy mine. Who and what is this Englishman?"

"Who and what was he supposed at Paris to be?"

"Conjectures were numberless. One of your countrymen suggested that which was most generally favored. This gentleman, whose name I forget, but who was one of those old *roués* who fancy themselves young because they live with the young, no sooner set eyes upon Margrave than he exclaimed, 'Louis Grayle come to life again, as I saw him forty-four years ago! But no—still younger, still handsomer—it must be his son!'"

"Louis Grayle, who was said to be murdered at Aleppo?"

"The same. That strange old man was enormously rich, but it seems that he hated his lawful heirs, and left behind him a fortune so far below that which he was known to possess, that he must certainly have disposed of it secretly before his death. Why so dispose of it, if not to enrich some natural son, whom, for private reasons, he might not have wished to acknowledge, or point out to the world by the signal bequest of his will? All that Margrave ever said of himself and the source of his wealth confirmed his belief. He frankly proclaimed himself a natural son, enriched by a father whose name he knew not nor cared to know."

"It is true. And Margrave quitted Paris for the East? When?"

"I can tell you the date within a day or two, for his flight preceded mine by a week; and, happily, all Paris was so busy in talking of it that I slipped away without notice."

And the Prussian then named a date which it thrilled me to hear, for it was in that very month, and about that very day, that the Luminous Shadow had stood within my threshold.

The young Count now struck off into other subjects of talk: nothing more was said of Margrave. An hour or two afterward he went on his way, and I remained long gazing musingly on the embers of the fire dying low on my hearth.

THE MORTAR FLOTILLA.

WE present our readers on page 73 with a picture of the MORTAR FLOTILLA now fitting out for secret service under CAPTAIN DAVID D. PORTER, U.S.N. The vessels are schooners of noted speed, ranging in tonnage from 350 to 125 tons, and each armed with one 13-inch mortar weighing 17,600 pounds, which throws a ball weighing 241 pounds. The range of this destructive weapon is about three miles. Besides the mortars, these vessels will carry two or more guns mostly rifled, however. The fleet will be divided into three divisions, each under the command of a "division flag-officer." Captain Porter will fly his flag from the *Octorara*, a side-wheel steamer which was built at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She will be armed with two 11-inch guns; and from her peculiar model she can go up or down a narrow stream without turning around, as she has a rudder at each end.

The first division, to be commanded by Lieutenant W. Smith, will consist of the following schooners: *Norfolk Packet*, *Para*, *O. H. Lee*, *Arietta*, *W. Bacon*, and *C. P. Williams*.

The second division, commanded by Lieutenant W. W. Queen, will comprise the schooners *F. A. Ward*, *M. J. Carlton*, *S. C. Jones*, *G. Mangham*, *Orvetta*, *M. Wassar, Jun.*, and *A. Hugel*.

The third division, Lieutenant K. R. Breeze commanding, consists of the schooners *J. Griffiths*, *Racer*, *F. Smith*, *Sea Foam*, *H. James*, and *S. Bruen*.

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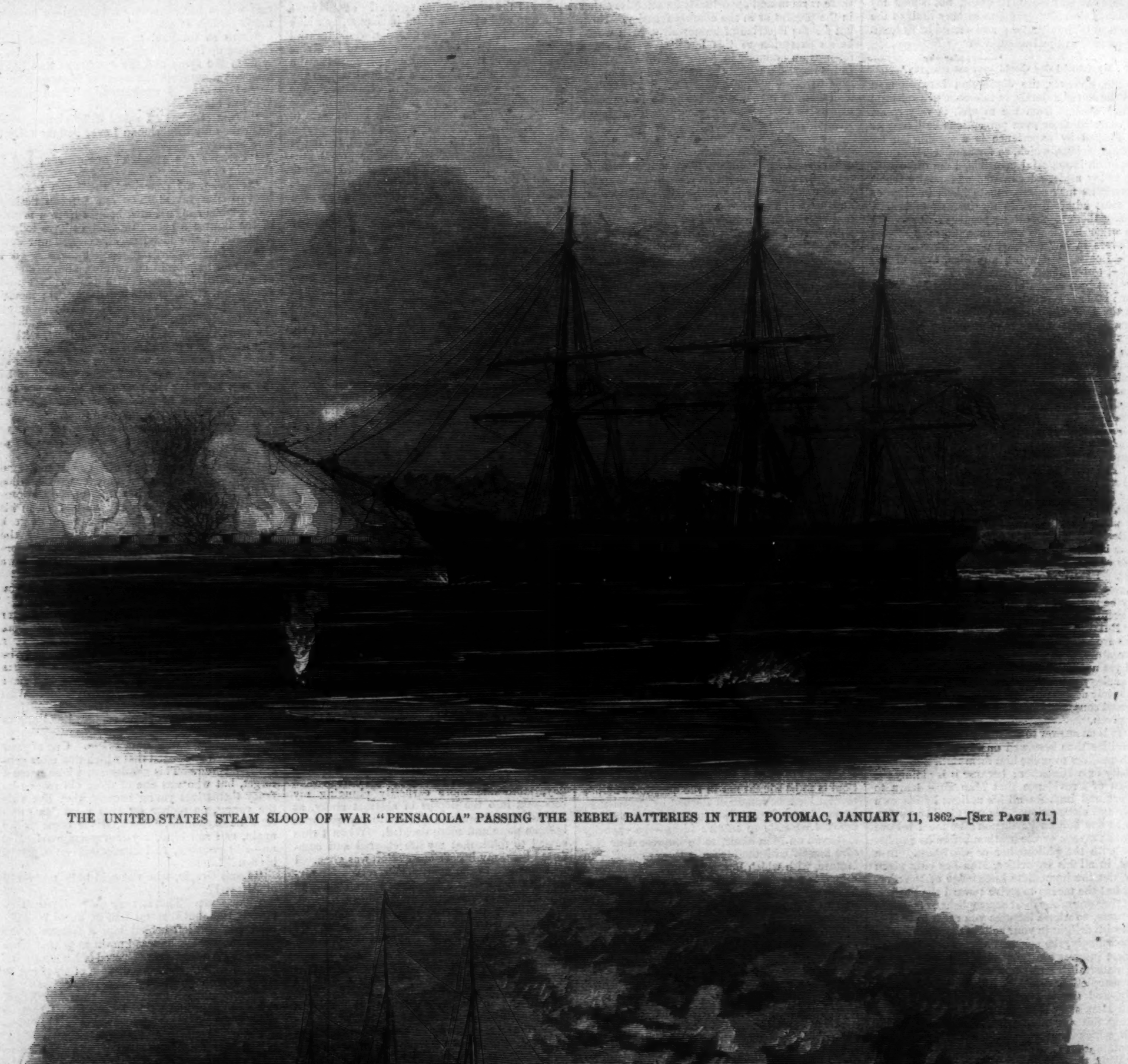
[*] "Faculty is active power; capacity is passive power."—Sir W. Hamilton, Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, vol. i. p. 178.

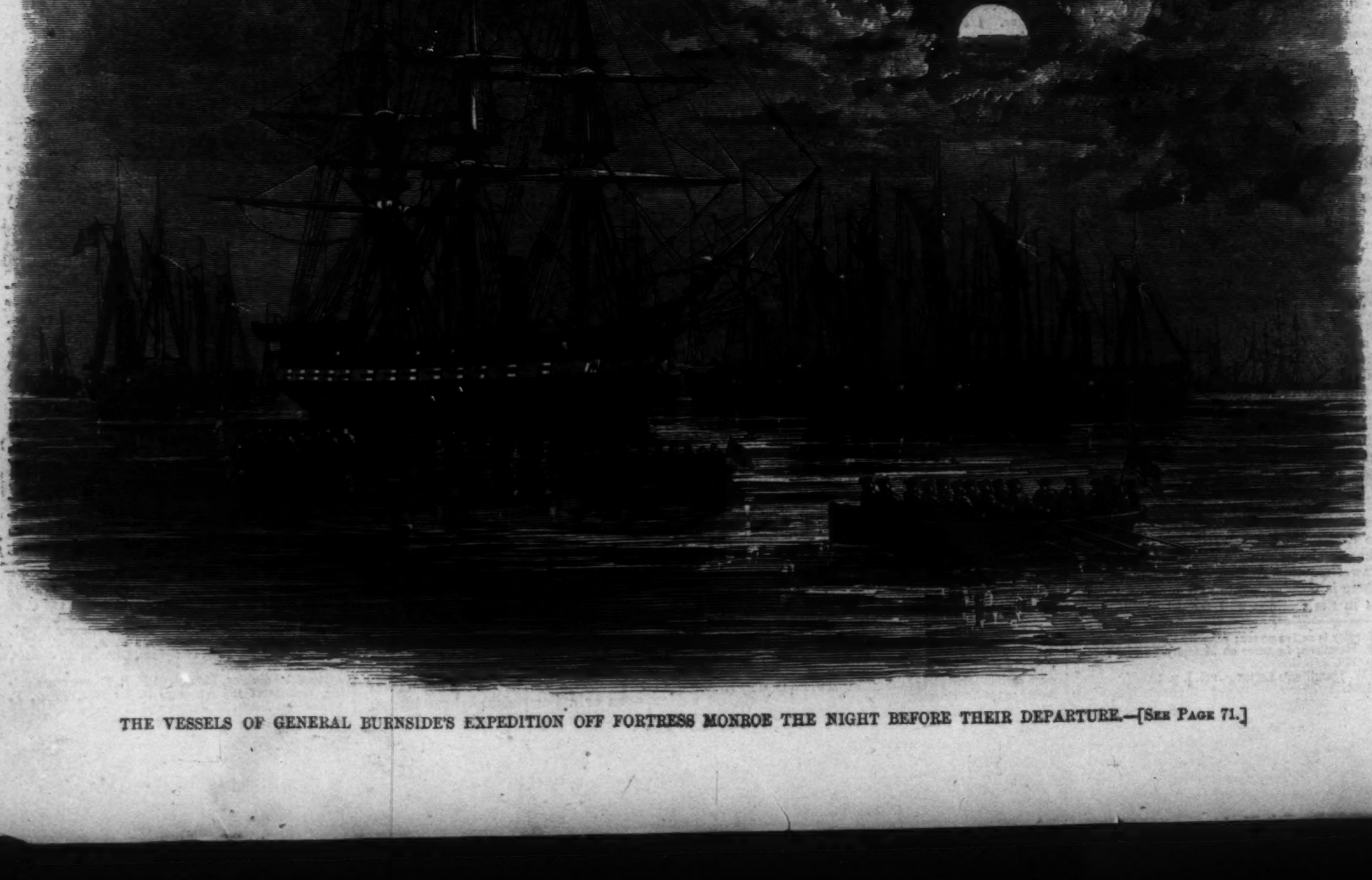
[†] Sir W. Hamilton's Lectures, vol. i. p. 10.

[‡] P. 1351.

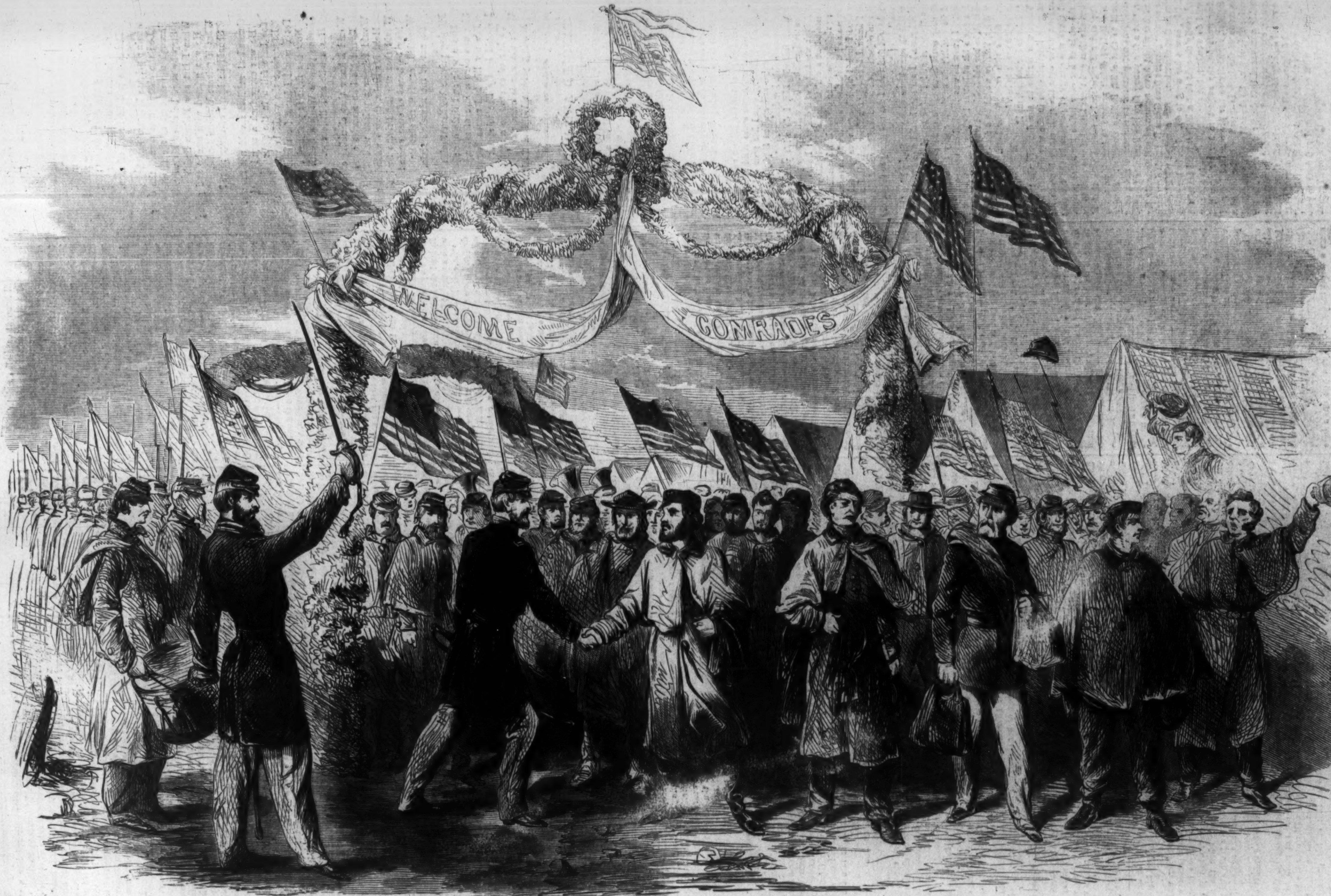
[*] Chalmers, Bridgewater Treatise, vol. ii. p. 28, 30. Perhaps I should observe that here and elsewhere, in the dialogues between Faber and Fenwick, it has been thought better to substitute the words of the author quoted for the mere outline or purport of the quotation which memory afforded to the interlocutor.



THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "PENSACOLA" PASSING THE REBEL BATTERIES IN THE POTOMAC, JANUARY 11, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



THE VESSELS OF GENERAL BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION OFF FORTRESS MONROE THE NIGHT BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



RELEASED PRISONERS RETURNING TO THE CAMP OF THE THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (FRANKLIN'S DIVISION), FROM RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

MISSING: PRIVATE WILLIAM SMITH.

SERGEANT! enter on your roll,
"Missing—Private William Smith."
Death is but a passing dream,
Life a false and shadowy myth.
Comrades, close your gaping ranks!
He was of the first platoon;
Missing private William Smith
Doubtless will be heard of soon.

Missing private William Smith
Led the charge that turned the day;
Through the thickest of the fight,
Step by step, he clove his way.
When I last saw Private Smith
He was grimed with smoke and gore;
What if private William Smith
Should be heard of never more?

Comrades! soldiers should not mourn.
He was every inch a man!
Men have fallen in the fight
Ever since the world began.
Yet I would I knew for truth,
Now the fight is past and done—
Missing private William Smith
Has a wife and little one.

Would I knew that clanking chains
Bound his iron muscles o'er!
Would I knew a prison wall
Held his limbs, though wounded sore!
Would that missing Private Smith
May be heard of once again!
Wounded, captive, so that he
Be not of the nameless slain.

Missing private William Smith
Has a wife and little one;
She was once a love of mine,
Ere my life had scarce begun.
I should hardly like to speak
To her of so strange a myth,
When the war is over, as
Missing, private William Smith.

TANGLED AND RAVELED.

I.

MISS GRUMP, spinster, came home from the morning church-service all in a flutter, walked straight up to the little glass, settled the bow under her chin, and patted the curl over the left eye approvingly, without a salutation to the round, stout little body in a wonderful black lace cap, who stood in the relation maternal to Sophy.

"Oh, ma, I declare I am so nervous I don't know what to do!"

Ma Grump was not very quick of comprehension, but always ready to do a kindly deed, so she looked up from the potatoes in process of being mashed, and said,

"Here, jest you take the ladle a minit and I'll go right off and make you some Wild Isaac tea;" and she had already wiped her poor old willing hands on the crash roller when Sophy's petulant reply put an end to her designs.

"Wild Isaac! Ma, I do wish you wouldn't talk so outlandish. It's wild hyssop you mean; and I don't want any of it either. I am only kind of flustered at seein' Grant Ryland this morning sitting right opposite to me in church, and he looked at me so I didn't know which way to turn. Every time I looked up his eyes were perfectly sot, and I know I blushed dreadfully Well, I sha'n't make an objection on account of his losin' his money; he will find that I am not going to forget old times."

"Did he come home with you, Sophy?"

"Why, no. I am sure he did mean to, but old Miss Beaufort and Polliny sot right behind me, and they must have made some motion to him, and he couldn't do any other way than go with them. I know he was dreadful cut up about it."

Ma put a bit of butter in the steaming potatoes and said, in her old-fashioned way,

"Why, Polliny would be a fust-rate match for him. She's rich enough for both. I shouldn't wonder if he took to her."

"Take to her indeed, ma!"

There was malice in the damsel's eye; there was grim determination in the way she fitted the bandbox cover over the split straw beneath it; and there was energy of purpose in the crossing of the ends of her cape before her spare person. What she then and there intended was sure to be done; and she registered a mental vow that if Grant Ryland didn't propose to herself he never should to that child, Polliny Beaufort. Sundry convictions not pleasant to encourage came over her, that a fair young face like Pauline's just behind her might have accounted satisfactorily for the earnest glances from Grant Ryland's deep dark eyes in that direction. She snubbed "Ma" completely, as was her wont to do. Ma, in her secret soul, really thought that a little "Wild Isaac" tea would do wonders, but she didn't dare to say any thing more on the subject to her strong-willed daughter, especially as her preconceived ideas of the name of the herb in question had received a considerable shock. So she said nothing more, but meekly announced that dinner was ready, in her homely, cheery way, and succeeded in restoring the ruffled dignity of her tartaric offspring. Still she looked dangerous all the afternoon, as she sat biting her nails viciously, and planning, thinking, and plotting what could be said and done to prevent a new rival coming on the stage. Youth—grace—wealth. It was a dangerous combination; but she fancied she could combat even more than that by a little skillful diplomacy.

When I announce a village sewing circle the reader will know at once all the *dramatis personæ*. The kindly matron, sublime in her knowledge of biscuit-making and preserving; the fierce collector of dues and donations, with an anxious eye on unprotected single men, whom she regards as lawful prizes for the benefit of fairs and societies; the anxious mother of a family, who is fancying the baby is crying at home all the while; and the blithe maiden, who wonders if John or Ed will come for her at nine o'clock to escort her home.

This present gathering was not for the benefit of the Kroos and Choctaws, but for the soldiers' help and comfort. Piles of great stout warm shirts, made on the most liberal principles, with buttons where they couldn't fail to meet the corresponding button-hole and collars of wonderful dimensions, lay in one corner, while socks and mittens, in all stages of progress, from the "setting up" to the narrowing off, were in the hands of the ladies assembled then and there. It wouldn't be fair to criticise the woolen articles already finished, and I dare say the freezing soldiers wouldn't mind; but there was not much symmetry displayed in their construction. If that pair of socks, for instance, narrowed so gradually to a termination, found a biped with corresponding feet, why—very well; but it would be a rare instance. Then the mittens, from some peculiarity in their construction, would keep one turning them over from hand to hand, hoping to find a way to wear them that wouldn't twist the mouth askew in sympathy.

Miss Sophy Grump didn't knit those—not she! If there was one thing she prided herself on more than another it was upon the shape of the articles she knit. Thus it came to pass that she was authority on all doubtful points of seaming and making stitches, and the fair damsels who had never before tried the business came clustering around her. "Oh, Miss Grump, I'm in trouble again; there's a great hole here!" and sweet little Minnie Ryland sat herself down on the stool at her feet with a puzzled face.

"La, child!"—and she took the work up—"you've dropped three stitches away back, and you jest go off and pull out all you've done, and I'll fix it."

Minnie, crest-fallen, went off to a corner and commenced the task, while Miss Grump continued her discourse to her companion in the loud whisper peculiar to a village gossip:

"That little girl is his cousin, you know. Well, as I was sayin', the house Grant Ryland was in has all gone to smash—the big house of Grey, Jackson, & Co., you know—and all Grant's money is gone too, and so that's an end of his fine presents. Old Miss Ryland was gettin' very uppish and proud, and there's no reason that she shouldn't be brought down."

And the speaker knit a stitch or two with such energy that her needle slipped.

"I shouldn't wonder now if he should look out for a rich wife. There's Miss Shoddy, she'll be wuth consid'able after the old man's death."

"And there's Polliny," whispered Mrs. Owen, and jerked her thumb over her shoulder in the direction where a slight, pale, gray-eyed girl sat quietly knitting a soldier's mitten, glancing up now and then at the strange faces about her, for Pauline Beaufort was a stranger among them. She was visiting at the large old white house on the hill, where her uncle, John Beaufort, had lived these many years, and she had come with her aunt to the "soldiers' society." Mrs. Beaufort was on the other side of the room in deep discourse with the minister's wife, and Pauline sat and knit and dreamed over old scenes. Sitting with her two white hands folded together over her black dress, and nothing but sunshine worn in her hair, one would not guess that the orphan girl was an heiress; but so it was. Young as she was, already had she learned how thickly friends in name cluster about wealth, and already she had found them only in name. She was practical, and did not despise her riches. Ah no: she valued them, not for the diamonds it brought to her casket, but for the sweet flowers she could wear in winter time; not for the silks and laces of her toilet, but for the books and pictures she could gather around her; and better still, they could buy for her such happy smiles on faces sad before, such pleasant memories of those made cheerful by her bounty. Ah yes! Pauline thanked God that he had made her rich, and thanking Him, she laid an offering always down. And so it came to pass that, foremost in every good work, she had come to find what she and her gold could do for the soldiers.

She started from her reverie, for a familiar name fell on her ear. "Minnie Ryland, is your cousin coming for you to night?" and one of the bevy of fair girls in the bay window touched the maiden's rosy cheek. "Ryland, Ryland, if it should be—" and Pauline flushed and trembled. The name brought a remembrance of a summer meeting not so very long ago, off among the hills. It seemed to recall an hour of danger, when the frightened horse she rode was plunging and rearing quite beyond control—of a strong hand on the bridle-rein, of a strong arm thrown around her, a strange low voice saying only, "Thank God!" and then a blank. After that a bouquet of wild-wood flowers, a moonlight ramble, a long last look from deep dark eyes, a fancied pressure of the hand, and each had gone their separate ways, perhaps to meet no more. No word of love had passed, and yet Grant Ryland was not forgotten; and when among her worshipers heart after heart was laid at her feet, she grew cold, and persuaded herself that they came to woo her wealth and not herself, and this was why no lover's prayer was answered.

Dreaming was a luxury in which Pauline did not often indulge, so she quietly stole up to the side of Miss Grump. Presenting her work for adjustment to the wondrous fingers of that renowned knitter and talker—"Please tell me about this thumb."

"Oh la, yes, Polliny! Excuse me, but it don't seem a minit hardly since I saw you down here with your ma one summer, and you was in short frocks then. I wasn't very old myself at the time." And the speaker fixed the wiry little curl over her left eyebrow; while the girl's pale face grew whiter, for the black dress told the story—she was motherless now.

"There! you jest see how I hold the yarn so, an' take up stitches this way—the young men has mostly gone to the war—put your yarn over your finger. There's one home from the city now, Grant Ryland; I guess he will come after Minnie. Oh, Polliny, don't draw your thread so tight! He's failed, they say; and now he's goin' to look out for a rich wife. Now knit three stitches, and widden again."

The keen gray eyes of the spinster never left the girl's face; she saw its deep flush, and half guessing the truth planted another thorn: "I used to think he and Minnie would make a match, but there's an end to that now. I declare you have dropped two or three stitches! let me take them up—there! Sarey Jackson said that Minnie said that Grant remarked one day that he was goin' to have a hundred thousand any way."

Then, pretending to notice her reddened cheek for the first time, she added, "La! now, maybe you know Mr. Ryland?"

"Yes; and I do not think he will marry as you say," said Pauline, hastily, as she moved aside, for she had caught a glimpse of a well-known form in the hall, and made her escape before he should enter. Sitting in the dimly-lighted "keeping-room," awaiting her aunt's pleasure, which seemed to be to linger unusually long to-night, she could see all that took place in either room, while in the shadow, muffled in her gray cloak, she was herself unseen—saw Grant enter, and glance swiftly around the circle, and quickly stepping up behind Minnie place his hands over her eyes, bidding her guess who it was—saw her blush and tremble as he stooped to whisper over the little pink ear—and presently, underneath the great lamp in the hall, saw her take from his grasp a photograph, which she kissed in her wild, passionate way—glancing from the picture to the man before her, saying, softly, "It is very like!" The light was strong, and the picture clear enough to see that though it was Grant Ryland's face it was in soldier's uniform; and then it flashed through Pauline's mind that he was going off to join the army. He had hinted somewhat of this on their pleasant homeward walk from church; and she remembered that he had sighed deeply when he spoke of it. Her last word to him seemed to stay his purpose, when she only said, "Don't join the army yet!" She had fancied something more than gallantry had prompted his grave reply, as he raised her hand lightly to his dark mustache; but now she, Minnie, held his fate. That he was a fortune-hunter she never for one moment credited; that he loved Minnie she did not suffer herself to doubt. When the heiress laid her down to rest there was a strange pain bearing her company. On the hearth yet lay the ashes of the withered wild-wood flowers that she had kept till now, and burned with a trembling hand—the only love-token she had ever valued. She sat long in the window looking over to the hill-side, where the white grave-stones glimmered in the moonlight, and where the mother she had loved so well was lying, and longed to sleep beside her. This night had revealed to her how, in all these months, she had kept bright the image of one who seemed so far beyond others; so frank and manly, so good and tender; and now—he belonged to another! Minnie's bright curly head should rest on his breast for shelter, her tiny hand should cling to his for guidance. But she was no idle dreamer, this brave girl; and looking from the shining grave-stone over her mother's resting-place on earth up to the shining stars that marked her home above, she asked His grace to bear the trial, and His brightest blessings on Grant Ryland's lot, even though another walked life's pathway beside him.

II.

WHAT made Grant Ryland think he ought to call and see Miss Sophy Grump? He had no knitting drawn up in a snarl, no mitten that looked more like a cloven hoof than any thing else to be straightened and shaped. Pauline Beaufort had, and it was quite natural that she should call and ask assistance from the greatest knitter in the town; and sitting in the window, her diamond earrings glittered in the sunlight bravely, and caught the idle gazer's eye. Perhaps he wanted to see those ear-rings nearer. He knew no one else in the village wore them, and it was quite natural that he should like a closer view. Yes, it must have been the diamonds. Miss Sophy actually blushed with pleasure as she rose to welcome him. The ball of yarn of course rolled quite away; but the bow with which he restored it compensated for the annoyance of having Polliny looking fresh and fair so close beside her.

Pauline hardly looked up, and spoke but little. She always found a pair of eyes fixed on her with an earnest, troubled look that quite unnerved her; and so she bent lower and lower over her work while Miss Sophy, not at all abashed, kept up the chat.

"You see, Mr. Ryland, we are busy for the soldiers as usual. Speaking of soldiers, now do tell if you are going off too? I heard so the other day."

"I suppose I shall. Miss Sophy, I should go mad to stay idling here. I am sorry to leave mother alone;" and the moist eyes looked through the dim window-pane off toward the little white cottage with its clustering vines, for he knew that a sorrowful heart would hold its watch there in the days to come.

All this time Pauline never looked up or spoke, but Miss Grump remarked, softly,

"I s'pose there's others besides Miss Ryland who will miss you;" and the damsel Grump let the gray yarn roll off across the room.

Grant, slowly winding it up in an absent mood, laid it by mistake in Pauline's lap, saying, abstractedly, "Are there?" And then he sighed a little bit of a smothered sigh. She heard it, and involuntarily raised her eyes to meet a sad soul looking out from his. The glance made her tremble, and the diamonds quivered like a star, but whispering to herself, "Courage, Pauline," she rose to go, and with a voice as calm as might be, said, "Good-by." Tying the dainty little handkerchief over her head, and winding her scarf about her, she was gone. It was Grant's first impulse to follow her, but her manner forbade it. He could not guess that she dared not permit it. He threw himself in the chair she had just quitted to watch her graceful figure floating off away—away until it was gone, and then his idle dream was broken by Miss Sophy's voice.

"Polliny's in a great hurry to go. She expected to stay all the afternoon when she came. She's rather queer; don't you think so? Always thinking the men are after her money. I should think she might have known you better than to make such speeches. Oh dear, what am I saying? I declare I talk to you just as if you were my brother." And Sophy coughed in girlish confusion.

Grant Ryland wheeled straight round in front of her and grasped her wrist a little tighter than even she desired, while his black eyes dilated as he spoke thickly: "Speeches! what speeches did she—" And he pointed over his shoulder. "Does she call me a fortune-hunter? Does she think because I am poor I want her gold? Tell me, Sophy."

"Oh, Grant—Mr. Ryland—I ought not to have said any thing to you."

"Once more, Sophy," said he, almost fiercely: "Does Pauline Beaufort think so meanly of me as that? I will know what she said."

Sophy was getting angry—both at the detaining hand and the deep feelings her allusion had called forth in her companion, and answered recklessly:

"Yes; I said I guessed you might better look for a rich wife; and she said, quite shortly, 'Well, he won't marry me, I can tell you!'"

"Were those her words exactly?" and the young man's face grew white.

"Well—yes, as near as I can remember. I don't see what makes you take on so about it!"

Grant shut his eyes and leaned back in the chair one moment, but sprung up soon with the muttered exclamation—"I've been a fool, that's all, Miss Sophy; been dreaming, and I am awake now—Good-by!" and she could see him striding off down the street, looking neither to the right nor left; leaving her in a state of doubt whether she had gained or lost.

III.

THE widow Ryland was waiting tea for her son, who staid late to-night. The wood-fire burned brightly on the hearth, and shimmering in its flickering light the apoplectic little tea-pot seemed to dance on the hearth, while the tea-kettle furnished the music. Minnie had gone out, and Mrs. Ryland going to the window often put up her two slender hands to shade her face as she looked out into the gathering gloom, hoping to see a tall figure coming through the little gate. It came at last; but the face was so sad and weary, the crisp curls all heavy with moisture, and the boots so dusty and travel-soiled that she started involuntarily. "Why, Grant, what's the matter?" All the world over 'tis a woman's question, when the man she loves looks sick or sad—"What's the matter?" "Oh nothing!" And that, too, all the world over, is a man's answer to the query. "Nothing, little mother, till I have some tea;" and a loving pressure of her hand, and a loving smile reassured her.

The dainty meal was over, the hearth newly swept, and Mrs. Ryland sat herself down by the hearth anxious and troubled, while Grant stood leaning against the mantle, with one hand shading his eyes, which yet looked straight into the fire-light.

"Mother!"

"Well, my son!"

"Do *you* love me, mother?"

She came and stood beside him, speaking no word, but nestling close to his broad shoulder.

He laid his great hand on her shaded hair lovingly, looking down on her diminutive stature and little hands, of which he was so proud.

"And will little mother break her heart if her boy goes off to the army? Always loving her, always thinking of her, and always dreaming of the time when he shall come back to her something better and greater than now?"

There was a great sob gurgling up, a tight choking of her throat, and then a gush of tears on his broad breast.

"Mother dear, I can not stay here idle. Already have I been made to feel the bitterness of poverty—already heard the sneer flung in my teeth that she, Pauline, has said I should never win her and her cursed wealth"—and he set his strong white teeth together as he spoke. "I will not go without your blessing. With it, I shall find some happiness away off yonder, where men are living real earnest lives. Mother dear, you will let me go!" and he raised her face and wiped the tears away.

Her voice trembled yet, but she spoke in earnest: "Grant, you have been my brightest blessing. George is gone, and I can not bid you stay. Bless you, my son, evermore, going or staying, waking and sleeping. He can watch you and preserve you where the battle threatens as well as here. I leave it all to Him. But never, when you lie down by the camp-fire—never, when the bugle calls to battle, forget the God we trust, and then we shall be sure to meet some time again—if not here, up yonder."

And this was how Grant Ryland's mother blessed her child and let him go.

Pauline Beaufort lingered strangely, the villagers said, and lingering did not seem to find happiness. She took long walks over the breezy hills and through the dim woods, alone, except for such companionship as that of her greyhound, "Birch-bark," whose cognomen, given in merry mood, was now its name in sober earnest. Off on the high range of hillocks toward the west, looking from thence over to the dim horizon, she often stood, and her heart beat fast to remember that even now, beyond her vision, a battle might be raging, and he, Grant Ryland, might—be—wounded—dying. Then when weary she came home at last, it was to search again the newspaper for the latest news from the scene of war. She would fain have passed many hours with Mrs. Ryland, but the love with which Minnie blushed and spoke of her soldier lover left a vague, dull pain in Pauline's heart which she could not overcome. She often stopped a moment at the cottage, just to hear that he was well and happy, or to leave a bundle of newspapers for their perusal.

"A battle at Lexington!" It flashed along the wires, and heart-strings quivered in sympathy. Then came newspapers, with that dreadful tale of weary waiting; of the field where "some one had blundered;" how "to the jaws of death rushed the six hundred;" of the thirst that maddened; of the hope of succor fading out, while brave men stood their ground as brave men will. As yet came not the fatal list "Killed and wounded." Mothers, sisters, wives, and sweet-hearts asked God's help before they stooped to read it; and, alas! the help was sorely needed when the page was scanned.

Pauline was going to the post-office. Feverish and ill she certainly looked, for her eyes were glittering and her mouth dry and burning. She had not slept these two nights, and would sleep no more until she heard Grant Ryland's fate. Ah, bravely had she struggled, and she almost thought that she had won the victory until now. But the vision of the strong arm that once saved her from death lying powerless and still—the eye whose light she had dared so seldom to encounter staring blank and fixed, uncovered to the pitying sky—the voice stilled forever—ah, Pauline could not hush the beatings of her heart, though she pressed her hands closely over it.

"Miss Polliny—Polliny!" and Sophy Grump's shrill voice and beckoning finger bid her come closer within her own door. "There's turrible news—have you heard it? I've got to-day's paper, and I'm goin' down to Miss Ryland's with it. Here it is," and running her long finger down the list of "Killed" it stopped—"G. Ryland." Pauline saw it clearly. It seemed to burn into her brain. "G. Ryland, killed." It was over; there was no disguise longer; and Sophy and Mrs. Grump stood aghast to see the fierce agony that convulsed the young girl's frame until insensibility came to her relief. Then came the wild fever and beating brain. Days added became weeks, and yet she was too ill to be removed to her uncle's house; but no kinder or more skillful nurse than Mrs. Grump could have been found. It was infinitely better than if Mrs. Beaufort had been in charge. The kindly soul, who never left her bedside, began to puzzle herself sorely over the scraps of delirious muttering that fell upon her ear, and presently a faint light seemed to dawn upon her mental horizon; but she kept the new idea, whatever it was, quite away from Miss Sophy's observation. Dull as she seemed, the old lady was yet capable of wise actions for a kindly purpose.

It was a bright day of early autumn, and Pauline was convalescent. The old lady went around the garden cutting such late, outlandish flowers as grew there for a bouquet for the invalid's room, talking to herself meanwhile, with many emphatic nods of the head and shakings of the black lace cap. "There's a dreadful tangle somewhere; things is in a snarl; but I think I've got hold of the right end; and we'll see." So she added dahlia to marigold, and artemisia to gelder-roses, until she had made a great straggling bouquet, which would have shocked a city belle; but Pauline liked them, homely as they were, and a faint flush of pleasure came in her face as she turned in the arm-chair to greet them. There was a knock at the outer door, and the bustling dame, in Sophy's absence, laid the flowers down hastily to attend it.

What ailed the old lady when she came back? She behaved very strangely—getting the big soup-tureen for a vase for the flowers, and trying to tie them up with fine thread—until Pauline's wondering eye recalled her.

"Who was that, Aunty Grump?"

Aunty bit off the stem of a big carnation short up by the flower, and then tried to stick it on again. "It was—a—man—just stopped here."

"What kind of a man, Aunty? Were you afraid of him?"

"La bless you, no, child!" and then she laughed heartily; "but I'm so easy flustered. He looks very much like somebody I knowed once." Then she trotted off in the other room, and seemed to hold a colloquy with some one there—came back and sat down beside Pauline, and choked a little before she spoke.

"Wus you ever mistaken, Polliny? Now jest think of the wust trouble you ever did have—no, maybe not the wust; for them that's lost a mother knows what is the hardest to bear. Oh dear! I am makin' her feel bad again!"—for the pale hand had brushed away a tear—"I mean, Polliny, that something that you thought was really so wasn't so all the while; and something that you thought happened didn't happen; and it was the other one all the time; and—and it was *his* brother George that was killed—the one Minnie was promised to—and—and—Grant Ryland, come here and tell her yourself how you ain't dead, for I can't git through with it at all!"

It did not need a second bidding to call the tall soldier from his durance vile to bend beside the old arm-chair and the pale girl, whose white hands clasped together she laid in his, and whispered, softly, "Thank God!" It was no time for idle words, for explanation, or doubting. They needed but to look in each other's eyes to read the tale aright, and the sunny tresses gleamed in the sunset as if to compare themselves with the gilded trappings on the soldier's coat, whereon the head was laid. True, it was pleasant to hear from her lips that no harsh word for him had passed them; that the coldness was but to cover an aching heart, when she believed him Minnie's betrothed. And there were gently-pitying words for the widowed heart—for the saddened mother, whose oldest son had died so bravely on that well-fought field. And there were happy smiles when Grant Ryland, Colonel Ryland now, bid the fair girl rally for her bridal trip. His leave of absence would soon expire, and he must carry her to share his new honors. And would he want "a hundred thousand?" "Yes, and more;" and then and there he commenced the count—but it was not in dollars and cents. Ah! no. It was such coin as is printed by lovers' lips on cheeks beloved—sometimes under protest, 'tis true, but not counterfeit.

Mrs. Grump was bustling about the kitchen in high glee at the success of her plan. The black lace cap set up a little higher than usual, and she sang scraps of "Hail Columbia" and "Jerusalem, my happy home" to the same nondescript tune, while she rolled out short-cake and put it before the kitchen fire to bake.

She met Sophy at the gate and hastened to inform her.

"It's all right! They're in there, and it's all made up, and he's goin' to marry her and take her off; and there'll be a great weddin', and every thing is so comfortable. Oh, I am so glad! Ain't you?"

Sophy didn't seem to have a realizing sense of the delightful state of affairs. In fact she spoke quite petulantly. "Oh, ma, you are always doin' somethin' you hadn't ought to!" Ma was subdued at once, and said no more, but her kind old heart gave vent to its gladness in fitful bursts of "Jerusalem, my happy home," which she seemed to consider particularly appropriate to the occasion. Sophy had the grace to leave the new-found lovers to themselves. The sunset glow faded out, and the glorious moon rode up from behind the hills, flooding the window with its radiance. And with the strong arm round her the orphan girl had found her rest. Taking her slight hand playfully in his own, he asked,

"Did these little hands ever finish knitting for the soldiers?"

"No, they only tangled every thing in the yarn; so I let old Jenny do them for me."

"There was a tangle somewhere, but 'tis all unraveled now," said Grant, with his own cheery laugh.

Mrs. Grump coughed loudly and discreetly before she summoned them to such material matters as tea and short-cake, which commodities even lovers sometimes patronize; and to do justice to the occasion, the big bouquet in the old white pitcher was placed in the centre of the festive board. Miss Sophy looked grim, but that troubled nobody.

Need I say that Pauline Ryland gave with no meagre hand to the kind old soul who had nursed her so tenderly; or that ever after, when she walked from yonder hill-side where the flowers blossomed on her mother's grave, she stopped to talk once more about the web of life that had been tangled and raveled.

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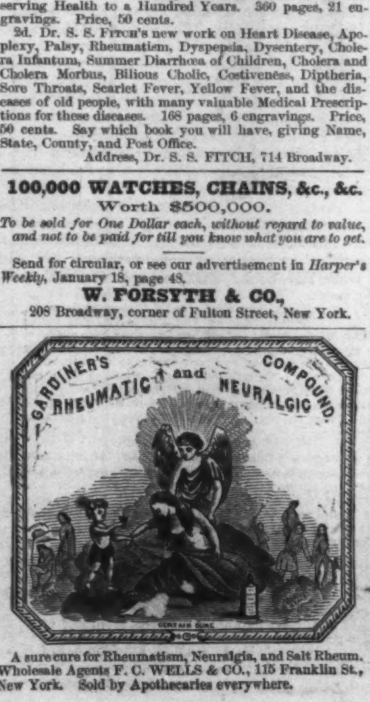

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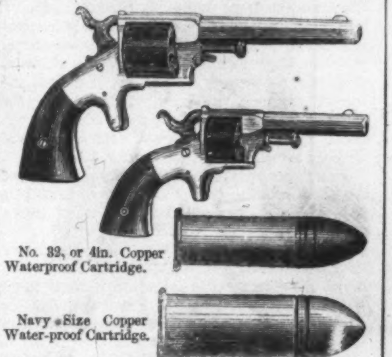

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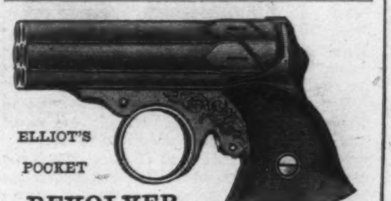

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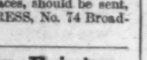

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